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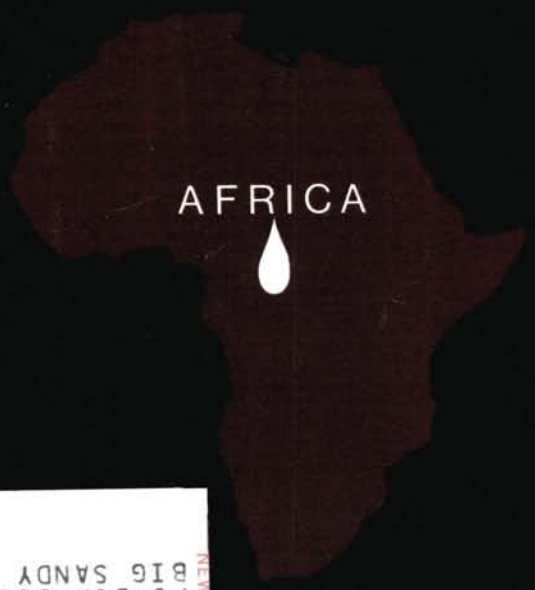
THE NEW REPUBLIC

CRY, THE BELOVED CONTINENT

The end of illusion, by Geoffrey Wheatcroft



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To the editors:

Charles Krauthammer is quite right in claiming that our invasion of Grenada was justified, and that there is no use in occupying the "moral high ground" in our relationship to the Soviet Union if doing so means that we can take no action to prevent aggression ("In Mohgro Land," TNR, Dec. 12). But he concedes too much when he grants moral superiority to a passive role in the face of aggression. It is a mistake to equate the "moral high ground" with inaction.

If someone with a gun were preparing to rob a neighbor, wouldn't any action to prevent this crime be morally superior to a refusal to act? It may be the better part of valor not to attempt to subdue an armed robber, just as it may have been strategically necessary to do almost nothing to protect the people of Afghanistan from Russian invasion. But we should not confuse discretion with valor, or strategic limitations with morality. What we have to explain, and perhaps apologize for, is our inaction in Afghanistan and Poland. It is our decisive action in Grenada that enables us to take the "moral high ground."

LAWRENCE W. HYMAN
Ridgewood, New Jersey

To the editors:

Charles Krauthammer's piece is one of the most incisive analyses that I've read in a long time. In a few paragraphs he cut through the cant and confusion that so beset much of the discussion of American foreign policy.

STEPHEN MILLER
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

Charles Krauthammer's little exercise in justifying the Grenada invasion—so the United States found someone it could beat—poses a number of problems.

If a country is free to invade another whenever the invading country dislikes the other's government or its stockpile of weapons received from a hostile state, beware of wholesale invasions by the United States, the Soviet Union, Libya, Iran, and so on. International restraint would be nonexistent; anarchy would reign; the start of World War III might well be right around the corner.

The United States stands for nonmilitary intervention in the affairs of other countries. Although our history is not unblemished, we have a good record in recent years. We have rightfully condemned Russian military adventurism in Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Afghanistan, Poland, and other countries.

Much of the rest of the world has heretofore drawn a distinction between the U.S.S.R., which admits of no limitation on its actions, and the United States, which acts in its own interests but which acknowledges restrictions based on our democratic belief in the right of self-determination. We want world opinion to distinguish between us and the crazed Colonel Qaddafi, the lunatic head of Iran, and the imperialistic masters of the Kremlin. To the extent we can maintain that distinction, we can hope to win the hearts of people worldwide and perhaps even succeed in our struggle against the forces of communism and repression. A little vic-

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Back Issues and Reception
CATHI E. STALLINGS

2 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... On Mohgroland revisited and TV-land endangered.

6 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... FALLING INTO THE GAP
Prosperity just doesn't look the same anymore.

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... BANQUETS AND BREADLINES
Edwin Meese says, 'Let them eat anecdotes.
DON'T CRY FOR ARGENTINA
A true democrat changes his country's course.
NOTEBOOK

9 **ALBERT O. HIRSCHMAN** ..... SELF-INFLICTED WOUND
Reagan sideswipes the Inter-American Foundation.

10 **FRANK VAN RIPER & HARRISON RAINIE** ..... GAME OF THE RULES
Jackson's arguments for reforming the party rules are dramatic and appealing. But they are wrong.

14 **JONATHAN ROSENBLUM** ..... GRENADIAN DILEMMAS
Lingering questions about the U.S. occupation.

16 **MARGARET M. CALDWELL** ..... TAX REVOLT RETURNS
In the Midwest, Democrats defend big spending.

18 **GEOFFREY WHEATCROFT** ..... THE ANGUISH OF AFRICA
A continent remade in Europe's image is failing. After the racist legacy of colonialism came the hidden paternalism of independence. The bright visions of twenty-five years ago have darkened.

24 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: THE WORLD IS THEIRS
Brian De Palma's remake of *Scarface* is plain bad.

25 **ROBERT BRUSTEIN** ..... ON THEATER: REVIVALS AND RESUSCITATIONS
Heartbreak House and *The Glass Menagerie* return.

27 **ALFRED KAZIN** ..... PARADING HIS SERENADING
The Complete Lyrics of Cole Porter
edited by Robert Kimball

30 **GEOFFREY H. HARTMAN** ..... THE WEIGHT OF WHAT HAPPENED
Zakhor: Jewish History and Jewish Memory
by Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi
From a Ruined Garden: The Memorial Books of Polish Jewry
edited and translated by Jack Kugelmass and Jonathan Boyarin

35 **HENRY FAIRLIE** ..... GOOD 'EVANS!
Good Times, Bad Times by Harold Evans

36 **ROBERT BLY** ..... POEM *In Rainy September*

38 **GEORGE DANGERFIELD** ..... THE TROUBLEMAKER
A Personal History by A.J.P. Taylor

41 **JAMES D. WOLFENSOHN** ..... CREATIVE CAPITALIST
Financier: The Biography of André Meyer by Cary Reich

42 **WASHINGTON DIARIST** ..... OVERESTIMATES AND UNDERESTIMATES

COVER by Bill Caldwell for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 18.

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Abraham Baldwin Agricultural College
Big Bend, Georgia

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tory in Grenada can seriously jeopardize our chances of success in the broader battle.

DANIEL N. HOFFMAN
Santa Clara, California

TV-LAND ENDANGERED

To the editors:

The three major television networks are working hard to convince us all that only they and the major production studios have a stake in the financial interest and syndication rules fight ("The Battle Of Who Cares," TNR, December 5). But the effect of repealing the rules goes far beyond just their concerns.

The rules were adopted in 1970 after the Federal Communications Commission concluded that the "public interest requires limitation of network control and an increase in the opportunity for development of truly independent sources of prime-time programming." At the time the networks, for all practical purposes, controlled the entire program production process. And because they could require producers to give them syndication rights, they also could control what they would sell through syndication and to whom.

For independent television stations, the rules have meant increased access to popular programs, thus strengthening them in their competition with network affiliates. The number of independent stations has grown from 73 stations in 1970 with a 10 percent audience share to 179 stations in 1982 with a 17 percent audience share.

Now that the rules enable independent stations to compete with the networks and their affiliates for prime-time viewers, the public has more programming choices. In addition, advertising costs are being driven down by 20 to 60 percent in some markets.

Similarly, the number of truly independent program producers, the people who actually supply prime-time programming, has increased. The rules have given the producers increased revenue and independence, thus enabling them to try at least some innovative programming.

If the rules remain, there will continue to be more competition and more programming choices. That is why the public, THE NEW REPUBLIC, and TRB should care about what happens next.

HENRY A. WAXMAN
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C.

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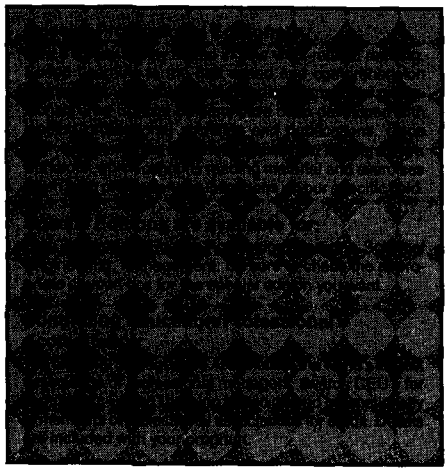

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FROM WASHINGTON

Fall Into The Gap

It's generally recognized that the economy is remaking itself even more vigorously than usual these days, and in ways that go beyond the regular cycle of boom and bust. Prosperity will look different next time than it did last time. One difference is that there will be a wider spread of incomes. We are becoming a less equal society. Neither the Constitution nor even the abstract ideals of this country hold the promise of material equality, and there is no political constituency for radical income redistribution through the government. But most of us have been comforted, I think, by a vague sense that rising general affluence, and the social initiatives it has financed, have been moving us gradually toward more equality. This sense was never grounded in fact, but only recently has a clear trend away from equality been visible.

The Urban Institute has produced a study by two economists, Frank Levy and Richard Michel, looking at income patterns over the years 1979 to 1984. These have been mostly years of economic gloom, but some time this year the recovery will bring the average family's disposable income (earnings plus government benefits minus taxes) back to where it was five years ago. That is, about $21,000 (1982 dollars). But though the average will be the same, the parts will be different. Doing their calculations last year, when the recovery looked weaker for everybody, Levy and Michel concluded that the most affluent fifth of American families, who get about 37 percent of the income, would be a fraction of 1 percent poorer in 1984 than in 1979; the poorest fifth, with about 7 percent of the income (and this includes welfare and food stamps), would be out by almost a tenth. Recent returns will up those figures a bit, but the disparity remains, and looks to continue or even grow. And the second-richest fifth outpaced the second-poorest fifth the same way. The pattern is clear.

What's happening? Reaganomics has something to do with it, of course, but not in the way you might guess. Welfare and food stamps are down 14 percent in real terms, but only two-fifths of this drop was the Reagan budget cuts. Three-fifths is state welfare benefits that failed to keep up with inflation. (New York's are down by a quarter.) There's no good excuse for this, because it's not as if the states can't afford to keep up. Their total spending rose by 11 percent over five years, and unlike the federal government they're now running budget surpluses of about $50 billion.

Surprisingly, many of the poor have been hurt more by tax increases than by welfare cuts. Reagan cut tax rates, but didn't touch the basic exemptions; inflation has turned many working poor into income tax payers for the first time. Meanwhile, Social Security payroll taxes have gone up too, and so have state income taxes. As a result, the average tax paid by the poorest fifth of families has gone up by almost a quarter since 1979. (The average tax on the top fifth has dropped, but only very slightly.)

But the really startling news is that even those groups most dependent on government welfare have actually suffered more from the loss of earning power than from smaller handouts or higher taxes. The poorest demographic group in the Urban Institute study is (no surprise) families headed by black females under age 35. Their average disposable income—*including* welfare and food stamps, mind you—fell from about $9,000 to about $8,000 (1982 dollars) over the past five years. About $700 of the drop is lost earning power and $400 is lost benefits. (They're ahead $100 in other categories.)

There are three common theories about why the poor seem to be getting poorer (or at best, as times improve, richer slower than the rich, so the gap widens). One is the continued breakdown of poor families, creating a culture of poverty and despair that gets ever harder to break out of as new generations are born into it. This once controversial proposition is now accepted by everybody from right-wing

continued on page 42

"A startling and tragic episode in the history of psychoanalysis."

—JOEL KOVEL, author of The Age of Desire

To demonstrate that psychoanalysis, the science of repression, has repressed its own political past, the author of *Social Amnesia* contrasts the radical private correspondence and the conservative public posture of a circle of distinguished psychoanalysts.

"Russell Jacoby deserves our thanks for directing us back to Otto Fenichel and his associates, who fought against the *embourgeoisement* of the psychoanalytic movement."

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
JANUARY 9 & 16, 1984

BANQUETS AND BREADLINES

Thanks, Ed. We needed that. Between Ronald Reagan's successful cleansing of the viper's nest on Grenada, the holding-together of NATO in the face of anti-missile frenzy in Europe, and the United States' show of tenacity in Lebanon, we had forgotten for a moment what's so wrong with this Administration. With one little pre-Christmas interview, White House counselor Ed Meese reminded us—and, we hope, many of the 60 percent of the American people who currently say they approve of the way the President is handling things.

What is basically wrong is that Mr. Reagan and his minions do not view America as a community in which people consistently look after one another, helping the poor and encouraging the weak, but rather as an arena of struggle in which everyone only looks after himself and those with whom he chooses to ally himself against the others. The consistent policy of the Reagan Administration has been to help the strong and rich—the traditional bedrock Republican constituency—at the expense of the poor, and to deny all the while to the rest of the people that anything of the kind has been happening.

Edwin Meese, the President's amiable policy adviser, may actually believe what he said about hunger in America, in which case he is willfully ignorant. Because he was in charge of appointing and overseeing the President's hastily put together hunger commission last August (it was stacked with Administration supporters), we suspect that Mr. Meese knows full well that hunger is a real problem in America, but that he wanted to deflect blame from the Administration. He did so ineptly, to say the least.

Mr. Meese made one almost correct statement in his now infamous December 8 interview with wire service reporters. He indicated there were "no authoritative figures" on hunger, and it seems that this is true for the nation as a whole. However, the words that came out of Mr. Meese's mouth said more than that, and were highly revealing of his general attitude. "I don't know of any authoritative figures *that there are* hungry children," he said. "I've heard a lot of anecdotal stuff, but I haven't heard any authoritative figures." And he went on to say, "*If there are hungry children*, the question is, 'Why are they hungry?' " Mr. Meese obviously wants people to think there are no hungry children, or at least not enough of them to worry about. "Some of the allegations" to the contrary "are purely political," he said. According to Mr. Meese, "the United States government is spending more on food assistance than it ever has in history."

When a reporter mentioned the most obvious physical manifestation of hunger—long soup lines—Mr. Meese replied, "We've had considerable evidence that people go to soup kitchens because the food is free and that that's easier than paying for it." He said he is confident that everyone in need is being cared for, and anyway, "I think the situation is less serious as far as poverty is concerned than it was three years ago, and this is primarily because President Reagan's economic policies have done something for low-income citizens that no government program can ever do, and that is to reduce the inflation rate."

Before refuting Mr. Meese on the points he made—virtually every one is false in fact and spirit—it is worth noting that this very same White House counselor was responsible last month for getting the President to sign a bill that for the first time will pay dairy farmers not to produce milk. The measure had been opposed by Budget Director David Stockman on the grounds that it would increase the budget deficit by more than $1 billion over a four-year period. Dairy farmers already receive about $2.7 billion a year for surplus milk products that their lobby has induced the government to purchase from them. The new bill will primarily benefit wealthy farmers who can afford not to produce. Farmers with herds of two hundred cattle could receive up to $90,000 a year. Those with huge farms could get as much as $3 million.

Actually, Mr. Meese did not work on the President to sign this bill because it contained benefits for dairy farmers. Rather, he put aside his free market principles because

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a separate provision maintains price support levels for tobacco, a matter of urgent interest to North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms, who is facing a tough race for reelection. Subsidies to tobacco farmers will cost taxpayers $100 million this year.

Yet another care-for-the-rich program is Payment In Kind, whereby farmers have been given farm products instead of money in return for taking land out of production. The program has cost $12 billion, and according to an exhaustive series of articles by Tom Moore in the *Chicago Sun-Times*, has especially benefited rich farmers. Because payments are in grain, not money, the normal farm-support payment limit of $50,000 does not apply. Some grain farmers, Mr. Moore reported, received products worth $400,000 and a few cotton farmers, more than $1 million worth. Aside from PIK, the U.S. farm subsidy program has grown under Mr. Reagan to $20 billion this year, nearly seven times the average yearly cost during the 1970s.

BY COMPARISON, food and nutrition assistance programs cost $16.2 billion in fiscal 1981, the last year that pre-Reagan policies were in effect. Spending fell to $15.8 billion in 1982, then rose again last year to $18.6 billion. So Mr. Meese technically is correct that dollar outlays for food programs have never been higher. But it is grotesquely misleading to say that there have been no program cuts under the Reagan Administration, that poverty has declined, or that programs are adequate to feed the hungry.

For example, the budget for food stamps increased from $10.2 billion in fiscal 1982 to $12.0 billion in fiscal 1983, but those figures fail to take into account increases in food prices or increased need. Unemployment shot up to 10.1 percent during fiscal 1983. And the laws governing both food stamps and other welfare programs were changed to make food more expensive for the poor and give them less money with which to purchase it. Had pre-Reagan provisions been in effect during fiscal years 1982, 1983, and 1984, the food stamp program would have cost $40.7 billion over the three years. Reagan budget requests for those years called for spending $31.6 billion, or a cut of 22 percent. Congress actually provided $35.8 billion, representing a cut of 12 percent from levels existing under President Carter. Though he pretends to favor more spending for poor people, the fact is that Mr. Meese's boss asked for a $300 million reduction in actual food stamp appropriations between fiscal 1983 and 1984, but Congress refused to go along.

The Administration has been seeking program cuts at a time when the number of people in poverty has been increasing—from 13 percent of the population (or 29.3 million Americans) in 1980 to 15 percent in 1982 (34.4 million). At the same time, the Congressional Budget Office reports an increase in the "poverty gap"—the total amount by which the incomes of the poor fall below the poverty line.

It should be obvious even to Mr. Meese that if poverty is increasing and government benefits are declining, more people are going to have less than enough to eat. Mr. Meese evidently requires more than logic. He wants evidence, and not of the anecdotal kind, either. There is some—a lot, in fact. The General Accounting Office, Congress's investigative arm, visited twenty-eight emergency food centers around the country in June and found that "in almost all cases, the emergency food centers were serving more today than in the past." The U.S. Conference of Mayors, representing mayors of both parties, termed hunger the single greatest problem facing U.S. cities. Another study by the Massachusetts Department of Public Health estimated that between 10,000 and 17,500 poor children in the state had their growth stunted as a result of chronic malnutrition. It's hard to believe all these studies were politically motivated.

We do suspect Mr. Meese of being politically motivated, however. The Reagan Administration is entering an election year, and one of its major vulnerabilities is the so-called "fairness issue"—the perception by 54 percent of the population (according to a *Washington Post* / ABC poll) that Reagan budget cuts have hurt many people, and by 52 percent that Reagan cares more about serving upper-income people than others. According to the Congressional Budget Office, the average household with income under $10,000 a year will lose $280 in government benefits next year, while the average banquet-set household making over $80,000 will gain $17,670 in tax cuts. That evidence, hardly anecdotal, suggests that a majority of the country has it just right in thinking that President Reagan is unfair. We hope that the majority will do something about it.

DON'T CRY FOR ARGENTINA

The West has a new hero. His name is Raúl Alfonsín and he is the president of Argentina. Judging by his first week in office, Mr. Alfonsín's presidency may become the most dramatic service of power to truth in recent years.

When the Argentine population enthusiastically elected Mr. Alfonsín, it was expressing its disgust with an entire period in Argentine history. Government by the military had produced nothing but a series of collapses—of the social order, of the economy, of the army in the Falklands, of the national morale. Worst of all was the internal repression that the generals had instigated. Setting out to combat left-wing terrorism, which was really having its way with Argentina in the mid-1970s, the juntas ended up terrorizing their own people. The most vivid symbol of their ugly methods of rule are the six thousand *desaparecidos*, the unaccounted for victims of the juntas since 1976. The six thousand became the Argentine national shame.

Mr. Alfonsín moved swiftly to undo this pernicious past. First, he created a commission to inquire into the fate of the six thousand, and to report the results of this inquiry

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to the courts for the purpose of prosecution. Second, he scrapped the sordid Latin American custom according to which satraps who surrender power go unpunished. Nine former members of the junta have been charged with ordering murder, torture, and kidnapping. Two-thirds of the navy's admirals have been cashiered, and half of the army's generals. A civilian has been named to head the Ministry of Defense, and the instruments of national intelligence have been removed to civilian control. How many other citizens of how many other Latin American countries are dreaming of all this! Finally, Mr. Alfonsín took measures to democratize the labor unions, which means nothing less than breaking the political base of the most powerful and the most volatile movement in modern Argentine history—Peronism, whose candidates Mr. Alfonsín whipped in the election.

It is a time for democrats to celebrate. And a time, it must be added, to honor the efforts of the Carter Administration to bring precisely this day, as Mr. Alfonsín did when he asked Patricia Derian, the Assistant Secretary for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs in the Carter Administration, to his inauguration. If the Reagan Administration finds Mr. Alfonsín a little cold, it has only itself to blame. Some of its members and supporters were in the business of making excuses for the brutality of the regimes for which Mr. Alfonsín can find no excuse. At the same time the Administration's support for Britain in the Falklands must be seen as one of the factors that hastened the junta's collapse.

Mr. Alfonsín will need help, our help. He is bucking an entire political culture. But so, too, is an entire society. The people of Argentina seem to be behind Mr. Alfonsín's democratic revolution. They are, all of them, rejecting the jackboot. We wish them well, and we are holding our breath.

NOTEBOOK

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Mr. Roosevelt threw overboard those remnants of the old Monroe Doctrine which still remain; and if his government can now be persuaded to practise what he preaches, a new day has indeed dawned in our relations with the rest of the Western Hemisphere. He made a flat statement that 'the definite policy of the United States from now on is one opposed to armed intervention.' We have many times in the past talked about cooperation with the American powers, but these efforts have never amounted to anything, since there was a well-founded belief that, in the last analysis, the U. S. did not purpose to live up to them. The chief reason for taking the suggestion more seriously this time is that previous acts of the Roosevelt Administration have pointed in the same direction. The old game of financial and economic imperialism in the Caribbean is done for. We are still cursed with the illegitimate children of some of these adventures—in Haiti and Cuba in particular. Nevertheless, we have discovered that our Latin neighbors are worth more to us as customers for our goods than as slaves of our finance, and that we can't have them as both." ("Uncle Sam As Good Neighbor," The Editors, January 10, 1934.)

A blow for Latin America pragmatists.

SELF-INFLICTED WOUND

THE LATEST government agency to come under attack by the Administration is the Inter-American Foundation, established by Congress as an independent body in 1970 to experiment with small "people-to-people" grants for rural and urban self-help projects. Equipped with a bipartisan Board of Directors, which includes representatives of the private sector as well as government officials, the I.A.F. escaped the Administration's ideological axe longer than many. But now, with the firing of its able, idealistic president, Peter D. Bell, the first blow has fallen, and a seriously misplaced blow it is.

I have watched the I.A.F. from close quarters over the past year. At work on a book about how poor people in Latin America try to better their condition, I had an opportunity to see the I.A.F. in action. The foundation was the most active I found, and the best staffed, among the organizations helping such "grass-roots development" efforts. It agreed to let me consult its files, and to tour the Dominican Republic, Colombia, Peru, Chile, Argentina, and Uruguay with its representatives. I talked at length with groups of farmers, fishermen, artisans, and slum dwellers about their experience with cooperative education and health projects.

It was not my intention to "evaluate" the I.A.F. and the way it distributes its funds. But I could not help learning a great deal about the foundation and its ways, and I was impressed. For once the United States was being magnificently served in its relations with its neighbors to the south. The field representatives—former Peace Corps volunteers, people from religious and philanthropic backgrounds, trained anthropologists—all were hard working, efficient, and spoke Spanish fluently. Most important, they were very good at making contact with the many new grass-roots groups that are proliferating in Latin America. These groups can be substantially helped by the small grants the foundation makes from its $24 million budget—for a truck here, a community building or day-care center there. So impressed was I by the ingenuity, effectiveness, and range of the foundation's work that I returned to the United States with the thought that the I.A.F. could be a

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serious contender for the Nobel Peace Prize, and I gathered some preliminary information for launching that enterprise.

My enthusiasm is now matched by my dismay over the current attack on the foundation's integrity. Peter Bell has been "directed to resign" by the I.A.F.'s Board of Directors, on which Reagan appointees have recently secured a majority. It was a 4-to-2 vote along strictly partisan lines, but the new Reagan majority attempted to obscure the true political motives of the move by disingenuously appealing to "chemistry"—that is, to an alleged temperamental incompatibility between the chairman of the board, Victor Blanco, and Bell. The vote was engineered in unseemly haste (no doubt to take advantage of the Congressional recess), without waiting for the recommendations of a group of consultants appointed by the board, which is examining the past operations of the I.A.F. and is expected to finish its report in early January. This arbitrary partisan action has already had deeply unsettling effects. Several members of the foundation's Advisory Board have resigned, including George Cabot Lodge, of the Harvard Business School, who laid the intellectual groundwork for the thirteen-year-old foundation in his book, *Engines for Change* (1970); and Rodrigo Botero, former minister of finance of Colombia and one of that country's most respected public figures. The morale of the staff is also shaken, since the firing of the president is taken to be just the beginning of a wholesale purge and change of direction. But there is worse to come.

In Latin America, the news of the removal of Bell will be received with indignation in many political and intellectual circles. He is widely known, respected, and admired not only for what he did at the I.A.F., but also for his earlier humanitarian service at the Ford Foundation's offices in Brazil and Chile. During the worst phases of these countries' repressive military regimes in the 1960s and '70s, Bell managed to engineer Ford Foundation support for independent social science centers. They played an important role in criticizing those regimes and in preparing the transition, now haltingly under way, toward a less autocratic and repressive politics. But the most disastrous effect of the episode will occur once the circumstances of the palace coup at the I.A.F. become known; then its hard-won credibility in Latin America will be seriously damaged. The foundation, which had successfully established a nonpolitical image, will lose the trust it has won from people and governments alike. And in the kind of operations it is engaged in, trust is essential. With this move by the Administration, the suspicions the I.A.F. had, and often still has, to overcome—that it is an "agent of Yankee imperialism," and of the C.I.A.—will seem to be confirmed.

We are thus putting at risk a precious capital of good will that we have slowly accumulated in Latin America, both among its poor majority, and also indirectly, and crucially, within its influential middle class. One of the most encouraging recent developments in Latin America is the formation of numerous so-called "intermediate" organizations, staffed by professionals—architects, doctors, social workers, education specialists—and students who are attempting to help their poorer compatriots organize projects in education, health, housing construction and rehabilitation, human rights, and so on. The widely felt desire for social reform and justice now often takes this pragmatic form, in contrast to the ideological and terrorist reactions of ten or twenty years ago. The foundation is in close touch with these intermediate organizations and frequently channels its grants through them.

At the level of national politics this novel spirit of reform has already found expression in some of Latin America's remarkable new democratic leaders such as Presidents Raúl Alfonsín of Argentina and Belisario Betancur of Colombia. By firing Peter Bell, the Administration chose to hurt deeply the one agency that has made its primary business the collaboration with Latin America's new brand of pragmatists. In its inter-American relations the Administration does not need to look for outside enemies: it displays an uncanny knack for self-inflicted wounds.

ALBERT O. HIRSCHMAN

Albert O. Hirschman, professor of social sciences at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, is the author, among many other works, of the classic *The Strategy of Economic Development*.

Will Jesse make it messy?

GAME OF THE RULES

JESSE JACKSON seems to feel that the best way to secure the Democratic Presidential nomination is to run against the Democratic Party. Though he often speaks the language of a loyal Democrat about the need to unseat Ronald Reagan, and though he is clearly the biggest crowd pleaser in an otherwise unstirring field, he has distinguished himself so far mostly by challenging party rules that he claims "lock out" blacks and other minorities from the nominating process. If he cannot alter the delegate selection process through negotiation, he vowed to party chairman Charles Manatt last week, he will bring his concerns to the convention floor in San Francisco next July. The arguments he uses are vintage Jackson: dramatic, emotional, and appealing to reform-minded Democrats. They are also wrong.

"I challenge these rules because they threaten my quest for the nomination," Jackson maintains. He has insisted that the new rules, which among other things require a candidate to achieve a minimum threshold of support before he can garner delegates, discriminate "against women, blacks, and latinos, and the lesser-known candidates."

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He also appears to discount the prospect of increased minority representation at the convention, saying it would merely reflect "people appointed from the top down, not elected from the bottom up."

But in fact there is little evidence to support Jackson's contention that blacks are hurt by the rules written by the Hunt Commission. Perhaps the most telling documentation on this point is the deliberations of the commission itself. No prominent black party official, including such notable Jackson backers as Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary, Indiana, the vice chairman of the D.N.C.; and California Assemblywoman Maxine Waters, a member of the Hunt Commission, raised any of the objections that Jackson now makes. Hatcher's paean to the party's openness to blacks and others at the meeting of the D.N.C. when the Hunt Commission's work was endorsed in March 1982 is worth noting here: "There is communication, ongoing communication, between Hispanics, the blacks, and others within the party. And as I said, an effort is being made to broaden the historic concern that our party has had to include everyone and to provide for participation on everyone's part." The D.N.C. then adopted the final report of the Hunt Commission with no recorded opposition.

IN FACT, the only major challenge to the rules' impact on party constituencies came when some women, including Waters, were upset about the creation of a special class of super-delegates chosen from among party officials. The fear was that this class would be disproportionately male. Yet most members of the commission and the D.N.C. agreed with the premise that, gender imbalance notwithstanding, it was folly not to grant a formal convention role to the *very* party officeholders who will have to run on the ticket with the nominee and party officials who will have to provide the organizational muscle to get the ticket elected. In fact, the creation of the super-delegate class will probably ensure there will be more black delegates to the 1984 convention than the 481 who were there in 1980. One study put the number as high as 780, because the total number of delegates will increase, and because the party kept its aggressive affirmative action requirements for state delegation apportionment. Officials even added the sweetener of creating a fund to help poor delegates pay convention travel and lodging costs. The Hunt Commission also retained the requirement that half the delegates be female, thus shooting down Jackson's contention that women face the same discrimination blacks do.

Moreover, all the white candidates, if they are the least bit shrewd, will pick delegate slates that are pretty well balanced—black-white, male-female, straight-gay, whatever. "We're going for a lot of two-fers and three-fers," said one strategist for Walter Mondale. "In the perverse way of these things, black males will be underrepresented, probably. It will be to everyone's advantage to find black, female delegates."

This is not to suggest, though, that all Democratic rules help blacks, or at least do not hurt them. Thirty-four states have instituted the requirement that candidates cannot secure a delegate unless they net more than 20 percent of the vote in a Congressional district. This form of proportional representation in their primaries and caucuses limits the chances for a black candidate in southern and suburban districts that have been artfully gerrymandered for white candidates.

However, Jackson has not attacked gerrymandering. Instead, he has denounced the 20 percent threshold on its face, even though there is a possibility his candidacy could ultimately gain as much or more from it as it could lose. (The passing irony is that the only serious challenge to high thresholds in the Hunt Commission deliberations came from conservatives such as former South Carolina party chairman Donald Fowler.) Jackson has argued that there are only 86 Congressional districts, out of 435, in which blacks make up 20 percent or more of the population and that a lower, as yet unspecified, threshold would effectively enfranchise more blacks.

But the population figures he cites include Republicans, so there are perhaps several score more districts where the black Democratic voting bloc is more than 20 percent. In addition, he is currently running third in the polls and it could well be in his long-term interest to have second-tier candidates like Gary Hart, George McGovern, and Ernest Hollings siphoning off 10 to 15 percent of the vote from Mondale and John Glenn, but winning no delegates. Meanwhile, Jackson could be picking up extra delegates by running in the mid-20s in those districts, presumably not far behind the winners, on the basis of solid black support and a bit of sympathetic white backing. The threshold works both ways.

THE SAME logic holds for the other party rules that have so exercised Jackson—allowance for states to create winner-take-all contests in Congressional districts or a bonus-delegate scheme that would give the winner of a district an extra delegate before the proportional representation formula is applied. Both of these rules, for example, would help a black candidate in cities such as New York, Detroit, and Chicago, where good showings in overwhelmingly black districts could net him more delegates than straight proportional representation would.

Operatives for Ted Kennedy on the Hunt Commission were particularly conscious of this fact, assuming, as they did, that Kennedy would do the best in black areas of the North. One computer run done by the Kennedy forces during a sticky point in the commission's deliberations showed he would have netted eighty more delegates, largely from black areas, under winner-take-all rules in New York in 1984 than he would under proportional representation. One can reasonably extrapolate that a black candidate with broad support would also do relatively well.

The Hunt Commission's mandate was to devise a nominating process that would produce a winner (not a George McGovern, for example, or even a Jimmy Carter) who would command as broad support as possible from every

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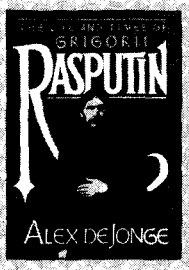

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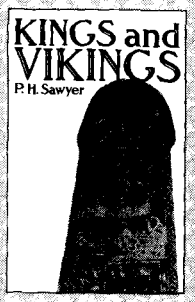

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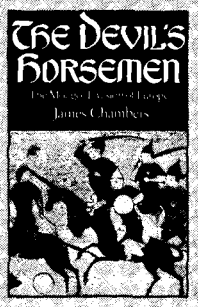

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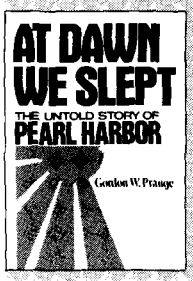

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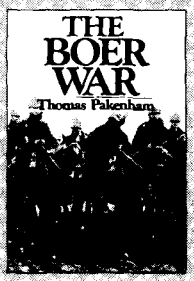

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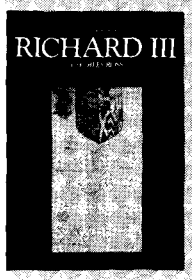

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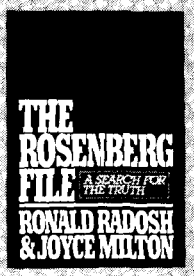

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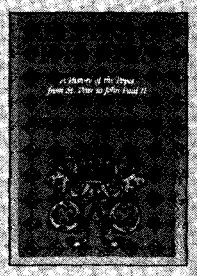

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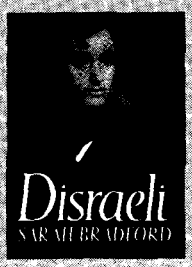

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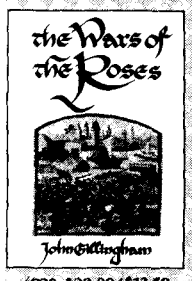

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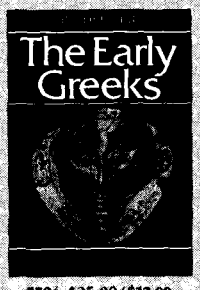

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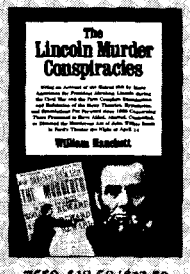

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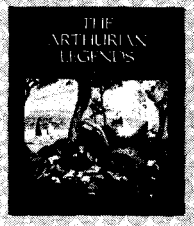

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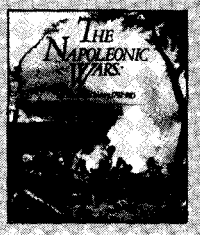

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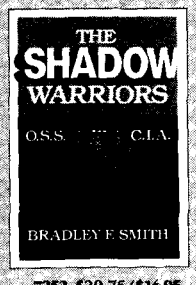

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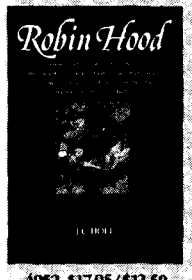

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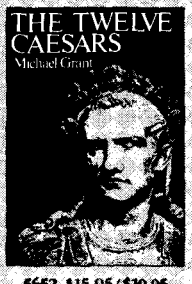

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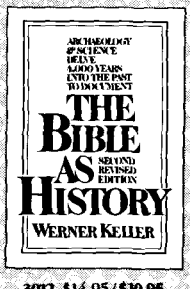
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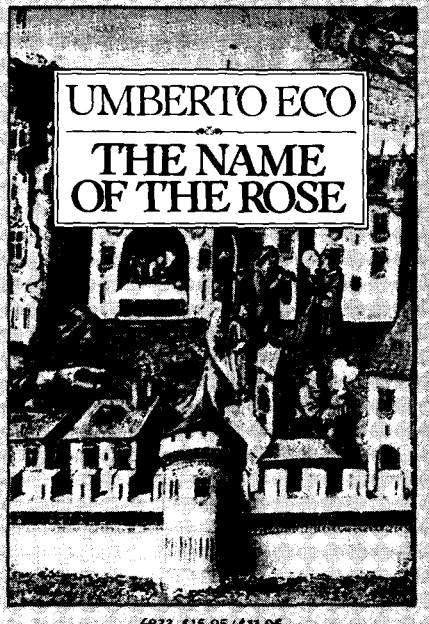

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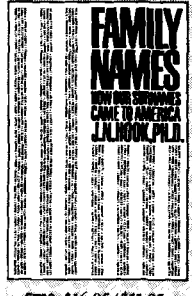

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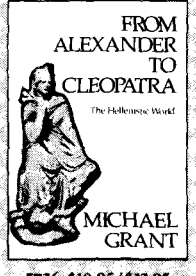

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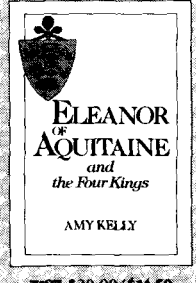

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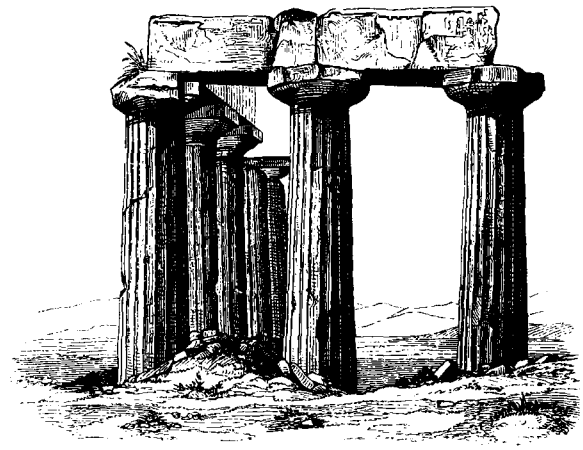

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segment of the party. Greater say from party officials, the ones who will have to live with the party's nominee most intimately, is one way to add some balance to a process that in the past managed to reward factional zealotry and mobilization. Requiring candidates to win a certain reasonable percentage of the vote before they are awarded delegates is a wholly fair method of winnowing the field. If a 5 percent vote total can guarantee Jesse Jackson a delegate in a five-delegate district (or for that matter Walter Mondale or Lyndon LaRouche), the nominating process becomes a mess and the only beneficiary is the opposition party. It beggars sense for a party, no matter what its philosophy, to organize its system for choosing leaders in a way that virtually assures minor candidates can gum up the works. Giving the leading candidate a little edge—through bonus-delegate or limited winner-take-all schemes—is a legitimate way to develop a "winner."

Democratic Party activists of all stripes were united during the Hunt Commission in the belief that the process ought to produce a clear-cut victor, and that it should be structured to lead to consensus rather than confrontation at the convention. It is a sensible imperative that admittedly aids national candidates at the expense of dark horses. In 1981 and '82, when the rules were being written, everyone believed that the 1984 Democratic Presidential race would be between Kennedy and Mondale, and there were minimal objections to a delegate-selection system that both of them settled upon through bargaining. Kennedy's decision not to run changed the whole picture, but that alone is not a strong enough argument to overturn the prevailing party wish that the process should create a clear winner with a substantial mandate.

The biggest problem Jackson now faces, if he and other disgruntled candidates such as Hart and Hollings are serious about a rules fight on the convention floor, is time. It will take a tremendous amount of work to organize delegate slates in each state that could be used at the convention to challenge sitting delegations selected under Hunt Commission guidelines. Of course, Charles Manatt could ask the D.N.C., which is not scheduled to meet until after the convention, to hold a special session right now to adopt rules changes. But he won't. The party leadership is united and adamant on this point. "We ain't gonna change the rules—not this late in the game," is their universal rallying cry.

By focusing on procedural issues and their impact on blacks, Jackson is increasingly defining his campaign as a "black one," and that is politically fatal. James Lengle of Georgetown University wrote earlier this year for the Joint Center for Political Studies that a black candidate running a campaign this year geared to blacks could realistically win between 226 and 325 delegates—about 5.8 percent of the convention total and an "insignificant" number in relation to the nominating process. Even if Jackson got the party to loosen its rules and adopt, say, a 10 percent threshold for awarding delegates and removal of winner-take-all and bonus systems, Lengle's numbers suggest he would only gain a maximum of 71 more.

Jackson has successfully avoided the tag of being a spoilsport also-ran because of his deft manipulation of the conscience of a party that fancies itself as the champion of the dispossessed. He also gives no indication he will bolt the party if he doesn't get his way. "I choose a broken heart over a broken party," he says.

Yet it would be a mistake for the Democratic Party and for minority voters—no matter which candidate they support—to take Jackson's complaints to heart. Democratic Party rules are not anti-black. They are anti-loser. Those who have complained about party rules in recent years, from George Wallace to Ted Kennedy, all used strong rhetoric like "lock out" to bolster their contention that the rules fouled them up. In reality, the complainants all had one thing in common. The rules did not defeat them. Voters did.

FRANK VAN RIPER & HARRISON RAINIE

Frank Van Riper and Harrison Rainie are political correspondents for *The New York Daily News*. Frank Van Riper is the author of *Glenn, The Astronaut Who Would Be President* (Empire Books). Harrison Rainie is co-author of *Growing Up Kennedy* (Putnam's).

Occupational hazards.

GRENADIAN DILEMMAS

ON NOVEMBER 11 Kendrick Radix was shopping for fish in a market in St. George's, Grenada, when he was picked up by U.S. military police, taken to the Point Salines detention facility, tagged with a number, and told he would be held for the night in an eight-by-eight-foot wooden box. Radix, the minister of legal affairs under former Prime Minister Maurice Bishop, was charged with "sowing discontent and ill will in public places." After twenty hours of detention and questioning by U.S. troops—mostly about the former government's ties to Cuba and the Soviet Union—he was released and handed a green card. "Refrain from participating in any anti-government activities," the card warned Radix.

Today, with Operation Urgent Fury complete and all but three hundred of the original six thousand troops out of the country, the Kendrick Radixes are virtually forgotten. Foreign businesses eye the island for its tourist potential, and attention in Washington focuses on captured documents which could show the extent to which the Bishop government was under the sway of expansionist Marxist powers. Meanwhile, little notice has been paid to news accounts which show that U.S. occupation forces were

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carrying out important political as well as military functions on the island. The dilemma of a democratic occupation—how to contain dangerous and undemocratic elements without unnecessarily restricting the general freedom—has been overlooked.

The U.S. troops were assigned the formidable task of establishing democracy where repression had reigned for four years. After the brief battle in October, many in the People's Revolutionary Army and revolutionary militia took off their uniforms and went home, complicating the U.S. effort to identify its adversary. The State Department rightly pointed out that interviews with and detention of former political and military leaders formed a legitimate part of a security role which, on November 1, Governor General Paul Scoon asked them to fill. But the U.S. operation aimed to do more. A full accounting shows that fighting units metamorphosed into something resembling a political police force. Its tactics ranged from distributing poster propaganda against the deposed junta to compiling computer lists—using four years of captured political and military documents—on residents "guilty of hard-line politics," as one general put it.

ALTHOUGH some reports made U.S. actions sound haphazard and random, there was highly organized and sophisticated machinery behind them. The military's most important weapon after removing from power coup leaders Bernard Coard and General Hudson Austin was a computer system designed to identify Grenadians who fought against the United States or were otherwise considered a security threat. Informed Congressional and military sources said these people were classified in the computer as either "A" (no risk), "B" (uncertain) or "C" (hard-core Communist). M.P.s carrying lists of names then manned roadblocks and conducted roundups.

In an interview with *Philadelphia Inquirer* reporter Rod Nordland in early November, Brigadier General Jack Farris, commander of forces in Grenada after the invasion, explained how U.S. "peacekeeping" plans (the Pentagon's all-purpose label for U.S. military actions whether in war-torn Beirut or sunny Grenada) would be carried out: "You develop a human intelligence network, whereby you have your police and your agents throughout the country and find out who the bad guys are and find out who were guilty of murders and torture and hard-line politics and have them tried for their crimes. . . . You build a data base on those people, on thousands of them . . . and that's how you stamp out something like that." In a December 4 cable to the State Department, he was even more precise, saying he had targeted "key political and military committees and organizations over the last four years."

In all, according to figures supplied by the U.S. government to Americas Watch, a human rights group that toured the island, American forces interrogated more than 1,000 Grenadians between November 4 and November 15, detaining 461 for at least twenty-four hours at Point Salines. Explanations for the detainments vary even within the military. Farris's cable, which according to a Pentagon spokesman was sent after a "media request," stated, "At no time was the classification of 'Bishop sympathizer' used as any basis for any actions of U.S. forces." A Defense Department source who was on the island for the early questioning period said that the Army was "trying to prevent any restructuring of armed resistance as well as preventing a short-term restructuring of the New Jewel leadership"—the Marxist governing party under Bishop that fell into disarray with the coup. More than fifty Grenadians were sent to the Richmond Hill prison because they were "either extremist-Leninists or implicated in the October 19 massacre" of Bishop and an unknown number of his followers, the cable reported.

DURING the roundups, residents were picked up without warrants, handcuffed, and carted off for interrogation. Some prisoners were detained for two days in crates like Radix's, which had roofs that leaked profusely in the daily tropical rains. At least thirty-four foreigners were expelled (the United States says "invited to leave") without hearings. Press accounts indicated that many were suspected of having ties to the Bishop government, the Cubans, or other Marxist countries.

Amnesty International asked the United States to respond to charges that Grenadians were being detained for political reasons, and warned that detention in "wooden crates" was "cruel, inhumane, and degrading punishment." The political arrests violated all notions of international law, they said, and the crates were prohibited by the American Convention on Human Rights of the Organization of American States. A.I. said it also had "unconfirmed reports that some detainees had been threatened or otherwise mistreated after their arrest." Anthony Rushford, a British lawyer and the attorney general in the interim Grenadian administration, assured the organization that all prisoners were being treated humanely, but didn't respond to the query about political detainments. On December 6 the United States replied to the solitary confinement charge, acknowledging that "shipping crates" had been used, but "for no more than twenty-four hours." Three weeks later a military officer who returned from the island told me that some prisoners were detained in the crates for as long as forty-eight hours. James E. Thyden, director of the State Department's Human Rights Office, said of the crates (which were built by military engineers out of lumber flown onto the island): "Under the circumstances, the use of those structures was reasonable and not a violation of human rights." The United States never responded to A.I. about the political detainment charge.

According to reporters who covered Grenada after the invasion, the Army also led its own public relations campaign in Grenada. Its Psychological Operations Unit took over the island's only radio station, renaming it "Spice Island Radio." Posters put up around the island by the unit showed Coard and Austin bound and blindfolded, and, in Coard's case, wearing only his boxer shorts—violations of the spirit if not the letter of the Geneva Con-

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vention on treatment of detainees. One of the posters called the men "criminals who attempted to sell Grenada out to the Communists," and stated, "The Grenadian people will never again allow such characters to assume power. . . . Support democracy in Grenada."

This is not to say, of course, that harassment and detention for political reasons were uncommon under the previous regime. The State Department's *1982 Country Reports on Human Rights Practices* noted that Grenada was holding more than one hundred political prisoners at the end of that year. Some prisoners had reportedly been subjected to mental and physical abuses, including torture with cattle prods. An American held without charges for eleven months said that his life was threatened and that he was beaten and forced to spend time naked in a cold cell. And the Coard-Austin coup had resulted in the deaths of Bishop, at least three of his colleagues, and others.

Various State Department officials have characterized U.S. activities in Grenada as serving a legitimate counterintelligence function. In some searches, troops found documents that reveal secret agreements including military aid pacts with Communist countries. Such discoveries, if the information proves to be as significant as the Administration has hinted it is, must be taken into account in judging the U.S. occupation. And, as promised, the United States withdrew on schedule. The shipping crates have been dismantled. Grenadian disc jockeys are once again running "Spice Island Radio." A rebuilding program has been started with $30 million in U.S. aid (half military, half economic). But even after the last three hundred troops come home, a question about the Grenadian episode will linger on: were the democratic ideals that the Administration invoked to justify the invasion subverted during the course of the occupation?

JONATHAN ROSENBLUM

Supply-siders invite you to a free lunch.

TAX REVOLT RETURNS

Cleveland

THE STATE of Ohio was practicing supply-side economics long before it was fashionable. Its first experiments, in fact, began when Arthur Laffer was a teenager kicking a soccer ball around Shaker Heights. For most of thirty years Ohio has been in the grasp of anti-tax conservatives, most notably Republican James A. Rhodes, who served four terms as governor, between 1962 and 1983. Rhodes built his political career on a pledge of no new taxes, which he claimed would attract new industries and keep unemployment low. When he finally relinquished his office in 1982, as required by the state constitution after two successive terms, he left behind a half-billion-dollar deficit. John J. Gilligan, a liberal Democrat who served one term as governor in the early 1970s (under whom the state income tax was enacted and survived a repeal referendum), says, "We wound up after sixteen years [of Rhodes] with a bankrupt state and second-highest level of unemployment in the nation. That demonstrates the validity of supply-side economics."

In Ohio, as in much of the industrial Midwest, 1982 ushered in major political changes. Another liberal Democratic governor, Richard Celeste, was elected and he immediately sought to increase and make permanent a temporary income-tax surcharge reluctantly enacted during the last Rhodes administration. The passage of Celeste's tax package was followed by the inevitable repeal movement, led by conservatives who blustered about welfare giveaways at the expense of working people. In the weeks before the November referendum, polls were projecting big wins for both the repeal and a companion amendment that would have raised from a simple majority to three-fifths the margin needed in each chamber of the state legislature to enact revenue-raising measures—a virtual impossibility, given the state's robust two-party system.

But to the astonishment of even the most optimistic Democrats, Ohioans overwhelmingly decided to swallow their medicine. Ohio, as demographers like to point out, is a microcosm of the United States. Political augurers are now trying to read from the vote what the electorate has learned from its experience with Reagan-style economics.

NO ONE is proclaiming the end of the tax revolt. Within weeks of the Ohio vote, two state senators in Michigan who were key allies of liberal Democratic Governor James J. Blanchard were kicked out of office through a recall petition and referendum, because of their outspoken support of his 38 percent income tax increase. A petition drive is under way now to place on the November 1984 ballot a measure to amend the state constitution to roll back taxes to 1981 levels and to require a statewide referendum approving any increases. Simmering anti-tax movements in a half-dozen other states from Florida to Oregon attest to a continuing battle at the grass roots over the proper level and form of taxation.

Nor was the reversal of state-level supply-side practices in Ohio an unequivocal repudiation of Reaganomics at the national level. But it may be read as an affirmation that people value government services more than the conservatives estimated, consider them an essential investment in economic development, and are willing to pay for them, provided that the wealthy pay their fair share. "I don't think it was an ideological vote; it was common sense," says Geoff Garin, a consultant to the anti-repeal Committee for Ohio. "There really was a decision in 1982 [with the election of Celeste and other Democratic Midwestern governors] that we had gone as far as we could in cutting back. The danger now was not in failing to cut back more but in cutting back too much."

Ohio, which is the heart of America's old industrial

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region, has historically been slower to recover from recessions than the rest of the nation. Thousands of jobs in the big steel, auto, and rubber industries are gone forever; the jobs that are being created here tend to be low-wage occupations in the service sector. In September the state's unemployment rate was 11.1 percent, compared with 8.8 percent nationally; in some of the poorer mountain counties, it topped 20 percent. No matter how strong the national recovery, Celeste and his allies maintain, Ohio's basic industries will never rebound fully, and government spending is essential for transforming the state's economic base. Celeste—who, ironically, served a term as lieutenant governor under Rhodes—has set about dismantling what he considers the worst of the Rhodes legacy. "You can't put people back to work in a bankrupt state," he said frequently during his gubernatorial campaign.

His budget for the 1984-85 fiscal year reflects that belief. About 40 percent of the $3.75 billion generated by the tax increase went into human services, including a fund to pay interest on the state's huge unemployment compensation debt to the federal government and a project to computerize welfare operations. But the bulk went into economic development and education—to general aid to public schools and universities, to programs to strengthen research ties between industries and colleges, and to foster small, specialized industries such as steel mini-mills.

CELESTE'S tax package provided relief for two-worker families and those earning modest incomes, but for those earning $100,000 and over, it nearly doubled the effective rate of 1981. According to the National Conference of State Legislatures, the state still ranks below the national average in state and local taxes as a percentage of income. But the Celeste package was immediately dubbed "the 90 percent tax increase" and the public relations damage was done.

Ohioans to Stop Excessive Taxation, the pro-repeal group headed by former state Senator Thomas Van Meter, was made up primarily of ideological conservatives, less conservative Republicans eager to embarrass a Democratic governor, and some of the state's major business interests. SET characterized the administration's spending policies as a gigantic welfare giveaway, a strategy that apparently backfired, because so many formerly middle-class Ohioans, now unemployed, are receiving public assistance. It attempted as well to increase support among blue-collar workers disaffected with the state's continuing economic malaise.

In the end the blue-collar resentment didn't materialize. Voters in the most heavily industrialized and unionized northeastern Ohio counties resoundingly rejected both issues. In Cuyahoga County, which contains Cleveland, the margin of rejection was two to one. In Mahoning County, where Youngstown has become a national symbol of industrial depression, neither proposition captured more than 40 percent of the votes cast. "We found that blue-collar workers in a lot of cases were more sympathetic to the anti-repeal side," says Garin. "The tax program was a progressive one—that's the message that got out during the campaign. . . . The stakes were clearly there—education, the elderly, programs you need to deal with unemployment. And more than some other groups, blue-collar people feared that repeal would result in increases in taxes that are even more onerous for them: property taxes, sales taxes."

Repeal proponents continue to insist that their loss is attributable to the Committee for Ohio's three-to-one spending advantage, the mobilization of public employees to fight repeal, and voter confusion generated by the anti-repeal forces. "They did everything but call out the National Guard and say only those who would vote 'no' could vote," asserts Van Meter. "Their main intent was to confuse the voters. No matter what the end result of election was, I think the majority of the people of Ohio think they voted for repeal. . . . Everybody else seems to be moving with the recovery, and Ohio is going the other way."

Patrick B. McGuigan, editor of *Initiative and Referendum Report*, a newsletter published by the Free Congress Foundation, a conservative think tank based in Washington, D.C., believes Ohioans decided, in the end, that their tax increase was justified. He maintains that voters in other states won't, predicting that tax issues will be on at least six states' ballots next year. He also points out that Celeste's counterparts James Blanchard of Michigan and Anthony Earl of Wisconsin faced challenges when they, too, sought tax increases. "It's a very grave error to say the tax revolt is dead or supply-side economics is dead," McGuigan says.

Celeste admits that "it might have been done more gracefully," and has given his qualified support to a tax rollback if his budget shows a surplus at the end of the fiscal year or the unemployment rate drops markedly, but he says he doesn't spend much time second-guessing his decision. "My view was that any change in the tax structure would have been on the ballot," he says. For Celeste, the lesson of the referendum was that people will pay for the services they value, but that they will monitor government spending closely.

And there may be lessons as well for those who piously claim fiscal responsibility. "Those of us responsible for state government have had to bite the bullet on balancing our budgets, cutting services, and raising taxes," Celeste notes. "Thirty-four of us happen to be Democrats. Meanwhile, a President who was elected as the cheerleader for balanced budgets has built a program of paying for tax cuts for the wealthy with borrowed money." After their thirty-year experiment with supply-side economics, Ohioans have recognized that there is no such thing as a free lunch. It took a liberal to stand up for that old conservative homily.

MARGARET M. CALDWELL

Margaret M. Caldwell is Midwest bureau chief for *Education Week*.

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Racist legacies and betrayed promises.

THE ANGUISH OF AFRICA

BY GEOFFREY WHEATCROFT

WHEN AFRICA was first severed from Europe in the name of independence a quarter of a century ago, few could foresee the speed with which this massive political experiment would fail, or the anguish that failure would bring. Africa's appalling troubles today are sometimes blamed on malice and exploitation. The truth is that they are more the result of false hopes and exaggerated expectations. Above all, they are the consequence of a great irony. African nationalism was to be a rejection of empire and of all things European. But the whole experiment of de-colonization was conducted on terms just as Eurocentric as those the imperialists used. When Africa tried to shed Europe, it found that there was no way of doing so but the European way. It clung to the latest European fashions, the ideologies of socialism and nationalism. And now, like a divorced couple who keep getting back together, Europe and Africa cannot stay away from each other.

Only quite recently has it become possible to talk openly of the failure of independent Africa. The old excuses—of European indifference or "neo-colonialism"—are less frequently trotted out. It is even possible to discuss in respectable, liberal publications, as it was not a few years back, whether this failure might not say something about Africa itself. Could it not be true that a final, cruel trick was played on the Africans by asking them to perform an impossible feat? Anyone who knows Africa will recognize the sense of humiliation, of impotent rage, expressed by Africans who, as they watch things fall apart, realize that they cannot control the destinies of their countries. Might not this have been in the end the biggest humiliation of all?

A point of nomenclature: by Africa I mean tropical Africa. That term is preferable to the commonly used "black Africa," which is a coarse phrase—we don't call China "yellow Asia"—and geographically inexact. North of the Tropic of Cancer are the countries of the Mediterranean littoral, Arab politically and Islamic culturally. South of the Tropic of Capricorn is white supremacist South Africa, part of the northern Atlantic world politically, and European in culture. What comes between the two tropics forms a kind of political and cultural entity.

The European empire in tropical Africa was extraordinary in the suddenness of both its coming and its going. A hundred years ago the "Scramble for Africa" had scarcely begun. Partition didn't come until the 1880s, when the German Kaiser Wilhelm II and the Belgian King Leopold seized vast unclaimed territories in central and southern Africa. Great chunks of the continent were arbitrarily designated as colonies by the European powers and capriciously named. The Ivory Coast had been named by slave traders in the eighteenth century; Nigeria was named after the river Niger on the whim of an English journalist.

Until the Scramble began, as far as Europeans were concerned, Africa was the "dark continent." Explorers had mapped the interior, missionaries had proselytized its inhabitants, and traders had bartered with them—but the territory was owned and run by Africans. In the African interior a century ago there were still powerful kingdoms: Samory and Dagomba in the west; Lunda and Matabele in central Africa. Exactly why the Scramble took place is still a puzzle. Simple materialist explanations will not do. In the words of a later historian, "The enormous areas of tropical Africa appear impressive on the map, but of most of them the plain truth is that they had remained so long ownerless because they were not worth owning."

From whatever impulse—rivalries in Europe, pressure from the few Europeans already in Africa—the continent was carved up. Ancient kingdoms were overthrown, cultures were destroyed. When the Africans didn't resist, this conquest was comparatively harmless. When they did, it was atrocious. In the southwest, now Namibia, German mercenaries (whose commander was called Goering, father of a more famous son) reduced the number of the Herero people by four-fifths in the space of a short "campaign." In Zambesia, later Rhodesia, Cecil Rhodes civilized the Matabele and Mashona with the Maxim gun and noose. In the Congo Basin, Leopold's Belgian agents were responsible for hundreds of thousands of deaths. That episode inspired a lapidary and lasting phrase in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*: what the white man did in Africa is "not a pretty picture when you look into it too closely."

The colonizing nations went about their tasks in different ways. The Belgians and the Germans made little pretense about their mission. They were there to rule and enjoy. The Portuguese had been there longest. They didn't so much remake their colonies in a new image as get absorbed by them—as the large mulatto populations of Angola and Mozambique testify. The French spoke pas-

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Geoffrey Wheatcroft has reported from Africa for several British papers. His new book, *The Randlords: A History of the South African Mining Magnates*, will be published next fall.

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sionately of their *mission civilisatrice*, but were more pragmatic and less high-minded than the British, and thus freer from racial caste attitudes. Quite early on they accepted that anyone sufficiently educated, emancipated from Africa ways, and "evolved"—*evolué*—could achieve the highest dignity of all and become a black Frenchman. This contrasts favorably with the virtuous, icy aloofness of the Oxford-educated English, who believed they were fulfilling a duty engendered by privilege. But whatever the differences in nuance, all were agreed on the superiority of European culture, morals, and manners.

Racist as it may have been, this attitude was not confined to paternalistic colonial administrators or grasping traders. It was shared by all Westerners—Americans as much as British and French—and was just as characteristic of self-consciously liberal or enlightened thought as of conservative opinion. In the early nineteenth century, Thomas Macaulay wrote a famous paper on Indian education in which he asserted that colonial education should be in English. The Dutch pastor and politician Baron van Hoëvall argued that in the East Indian colonies, the Javanese should be brought to, not cut off from, the benefits of Dutch culture and Calvinism. Progressives all of them, they helped set the tone for Africa: the day would come when Africans would be treated as equals, but emancipation would come on European terms. The whole world, in the words of one writer, would wear a necktie, drive an automobile, pay income tax, and practice birth control.

Emancipation would also come on a European timetable. Africans might one day be fit to rule themselves, but that day was far off—perhaps centuries away. In the wake of World War I, movements for colonial freedom got under way, but they were apparently insignificant affairs, led by Africans educated in Europe, or at least in the European image. Such people were a tiny minority, but as it happened they were destined to inherit their particular corner of the earth.

After World War II the age of empire came to a sudden end. The European powers had exhausted themselves. Their empires in Asia had been undermined by independence movements much more powerful and plausible than those in Africa. Chief, of course, was Gandhi's Congress Movement in India. If India received its freedom, might not freedom for Africa be close at hand? And so, in the 1950s, the idea began to take root that the African colonies might be given their independence.

In 1957 the British Crown Colony of the Gold Coast became the sovereign state of Ghana. After that the freeing of Africa took place at bewildering speed. Shortly after de Gaulle came to power in 1958, he offered a new status to France's African colonies. In 1960, Nigeria—the greatest of all British colonies in size, population, and natural resources—received its freedom, along with the Congo and all of a dozen former French colonies which became the French African Community (C.F.A.). These forerunners were followed by many others. At the beginning of 1957 there had been only two independent states in tropical Africa: Ethiopia and Liberia. By the 1970s the Organization of African Unity was to number fifty member states.

On top of this rapid chain of events, further disorientation came in the shape of the psychological preparation for *uhuru*, the Swahili word for freedom. Europe had to be made ready to grant, and Africa to receive, independence. This campaign of acclimatization was fought on two fronts. The official front held that the African colonies were countries like any other, which really meant like European countries. As a final benefaction they would be granted written constitutions, with bicameral legislatures, an independent judiciary—the lot. Each new country would step out of the egg fully fledged, ready to operate like any European nation-state, and to take its place in the community of nations.

To put it like that is not a travesty, but looking back we see just how fantastic the pretense was. Even to call them African "countries" is begging the question. They were not countries at all, most of them. They were artificial units, drawn up two generations before in European chancelleries and ministries, quite often by men with

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fairly accurate physical maps and no other knowledge of Africa whatsoever. Heterogeneous peoples were yoked together for the sake of administrative convenience. These units had no history of nationhood before the whites arrived, and had been given almost no preparation for independence.

THE OTHER front advocated a different, and more interesting, kind of propaganda. It was represented by a group of writers, journalists, and historians who might be called the Friends of Africa. I am thinking of the British ones, though they had their counterparts in other countries. A good example is Basil Davidson, a lifelong revolutionary enthusiast. He celebrated the Tito regime in Yugoslavia first, and went on to the Mao regime in China. Then he turned to Africa. His numerous books, both historical and contemporary, are well written and knowledgeable.

In *African Awakening*, Davidson had several didactic purposes, as did the others who thought and wrote like him. One theme was white guilt. Europe had been the aggressor, Africa the victim. In large measure this is unassailably true, though it is arguable that the worst aggression took place in the age of slavery and before the heyday of empire properly speaking. The next theme was African pride, a celebration of the African heritage. This also was worth doing. Of all the parts of the world that had suffered from being judged on Eurocentric terms, Africa had suffered most. Much as Europeans might dislike and fear India, China, or Arabia, and much as they continued, in large part, to consider them inferior, they could not claim that they had no existence beyond the most primitive. But that was what was continually said of Africa.

It had no culture, no civilization, no tradition of political community, no history. Little more than twenty years ago Hugh Trevor-Roper, the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, could deplore undergraduates who wanted to learn African history, to him a nonexistent subject: "Perhaps in the future there will be some African history to teach, but at present there is none or little. There is only the history of Europe in Africa."

Against this, the Africanists argued that Africa indeed had a history, and it had nations, and cultures. "Isn't it mere mystification," Davidson wrote, "to describe a typical European people, with all their xenophobia, group ambition, and sense of exclusive pride, as a *nation*, while reserving the word *tribe* ('primitive' or 'barbarous' being understood) for a people like the Yorubu?" Warming to his theme, he wrote that in the thirteenth century, "The scholarship of Timbuktu and Djenne could probably have given points to that of Oxford and Cambridge." It is easy to smile at this rhetoric. More significant, note that for all his desire to free himself of European patronization, he still used Eurocentric terms of reference. Universities and learning are admirable; so also are states.

Similarly the leaders of African nationalism themselves were caught in a trap—unacknowledged and unrecognized—between using and not using Eurocentric concepts. These leaders were a curious group. All emerging nations have self-appointed leaders, usually lawyers and journalists who become professional politicians, and one of whose first tasks is the rewriting of history. The African nationalists may have been extreme examples of this type because they had to strive harder, and because they comprised such a small minority among their people. The number of educated Africans at the turn of the century was far smaller than, say, of educated Slovaks, Croats, or Rumanians in the Hapsburg Empire fifty years before.

What formal education they had received was by definition European—and yet they did not only wish to lead their people toward European goals. They wanted industrialism and development, but they conjured up a vivid African past. They sometimes reverted from European to African clothes, like Ghanaian leader Kwame Nkrumah, the alumnus of Lincoln University in Pennsylvania who was later to appear before his parliament in Accra wearing brilliant Kente robes from Akan weavers. They rediscovered historic African names for their new countries: Ghana, Benin, Malawi. They defended African traditions, albeit in the language of European learning. Jomo Kenyatta, an anthropologist and graduate of the London School of Economics who was to become president of independent Kenya, wrote a famous and rapturous passage celebrating the practice of female circumcision among the Kikuyu.

BOTH AFRICAN nationalists and the Friends of Africa were in a quandary about tribes (or nations). They recognized—indeed emphasized—that Africa was made up of nations (or tribes), but at the same time the political units that the nationalists were about to inherit were the colonial constructs whose borders paid no heed to which tribe or nation lived where. The new leaders who took charge of those constructs naturally wanted to make the best of what they had. More than that, many or even most of the professional commentators on Africa wrote from a Marxist or Marxisant perspective. They were thus caught in the trap of sometimes having to acknowledge the strength of national sentiment when it served the cause of progress, and at other times pretending that national sentiment didn't exist, in the name of proletarian internationalism or its African equivalent.

Thus the leader of the nationalist struggle in Portuguese Guinea, Amilcar Cabral, once claimed that "there are no conflicts between the peoples of Africa. There are only conflicts between the elites. When the peoples take power into their own hands, as they will do with the march of events, there will remain no great obstacle to effective African solidarity." To see how farfetched this was, one need not think of African experience, but of centuries of European history, which is largely the record of violent mutual hostility between peoples (or tribes, or nations).

So it was that the African age of independence began with two *fables convenus*: that the peoples of Africa were united by their common Africanism; and that the artificial constructs left behind by the colonial empires were poten-

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tially viable nation-states. This last hope might be expressed nervously, as Davidson did: "Pre-colonial Africa had many hundreds of independent states. Colonialism brought these together into some fifty colonies. These are now engaged in trying to transform themselves into as many nations. Can it possibly work?" He would have liked the answer to be yes. But the truthful answer was, very likely not. Realism was in short supply twenty-five years ago.

In fact, the newly independent "nations" of Africa soon showed themselves all too capable of imitating the worst vices of European nation-states. They almost seemed to parody the newest and least stable countries of Europe, "independent atheist police states full of fatuous nationalism and power hunger," as Evelyn Waugh once said of the Balkans. Just when realism and a modest approach to the problems of countries with a rudimentary economic—especially agricultural—base was needed, wild dreams were dreamed. What these countries needed were policies to encourage peasant farming, development of artisan trade, and bicycle factories. What they got were big new concrete buildings in the capital cities, grandiose hydroelectric schemes, heavy industry, and state-owned airlines. All this in the name of national greatness and often of "socialism."

THE CONGO gave the first warning that all was not well with the new Africa. It was easy enough, and to some extent true enough, to blame the Congo's early troubles on its former masters. Belgium had certainly granted independence negligently and with bad grace to a country that, with only a small educated African class, was notably ill prepared for it. The giant Belgian mining company, Union Minière, plotted to split off the copper-rich province of Katanga as a kind of company state. But for all that, what happened to the Congo could not solely be laid at the door of European hostility. The Congo showed that it was not enough to celebrate independence with eloquence and enthusiasm. Independence presupposed disinterested ruling classes, which, in the event, proved not to be there. And for all the cynical maneuverings behind the secession of Katanga, that episode showed also how strong were Africa's fissiparous tribal passions. It did not require a European financial plot to make different peoples within many African nations dislike each other. It only needed the removal of the discipline of colonial rule for ancient sentiments to erupt.

Ghana had seemed the best equipped of all British colonies for independence. Conor Cruise O'Brien, who went to live in Ghana in his early years, ruefully looked back twenty-five years after independence and wrote that the country once had "a tradition of sophisticated intertribal relations, and a sense of community embracing the coastal and forest peoples. It had the most developed educational system in Africa and the best civil service, headed by Ghanaians of high capacity and strict integrity." But within a few years of independence, things were going terribly wrong. Nkrumah was encouraging panegyrics to himself that might have made Stalin blush. One official biography described him as "our father, teacher, brother, our friend, indeed our life, for without him we would no doubt have existed but we would not have lived." The once efficient administration went corrupt. The temptations were too strong and the Protestant ethic left behind by the English too fragile. Not for the first time self-rule proved to be far from honest rule: it did not need Africa to show that. In the parliament, Nkrumah delivered homilies on the need for political honesty, and for citizens—especially legislators—to repatriate funds held on illegal deposit abroad. The parliamentarians laughed and laughed. Nkrumah himself smiled. In one country after another *uhuru* has manifested itself as an opportunity for a ruling elite to stuff its pockets. The official "philosophy" of Kenya is called "self-help." As a wry Kenyan joke goes, a better translation from Swahili to English is "help yourself."

ON THE OTHER SIDE of the continent was Tanzania, for long one of the most admired of African countries among European intellectuals. Its ruler for more than twenty years has been Julius Nyerere, a special darling of the Friends of Africa. His rule has not collapsed completely into autocracy and the personality cult. He is an intelligent and modest man who translated Shakespeare into Swahili in his prison cell and who draws a presidential salary of $6,000 a year. And yet judged objectively, he is a disastrous failure. He has come close to admitting this himself, saying that Tanzania is no nearer its goals of self-reliance and socialism than it was when he set those goals sixteen years ago. He also confesses—uniquely among African leaders—that the Africans themselves are largely to blame for the failures of their new countries.

The Tanzanian case is an important one precisely because it was the country for which so many hopes had been held out. It was comparatively prosperous under British rule, and it was meant to build something new on that prosperity—socialism and self-reliance, the twin goals of the "*ujamaa*," or the familyhood system proclaimed by Nyerere in 1967. *Ujamaa* called for the regrouping of dispersed peasant farmers into villages where the land would be owned communally and farmed collectively. This would achieve the economic goal of increased prosperity and production. Within six years, 2 million people, or 15 percent of the population, had been relocated in villages. Within the next three years another 13 million had.

Nyerere originally had said that "viable socialist communities can only be established with willing members." That precept was soon forgotten, and peasants were forcibly driven to the new villages, their old houses and crops sometimes destroyed to drive them away. Some *ujamaa* villages work fitfully. However, relocation all but destroyed large parts of the rural economy.

Agriculture is now in rapid decline, and industry runs at 20 to 30 percent of capacity. The output of export crops has dropped drastically. Production of cashew nuts is down

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by 70 percent. Once self-sufficient in agriculture, the country relies heavily on food imports and is the largest per capita recipient of aid in Africa, taking more than $600 million a year from outside donors. Inflation runs at more than 70 percent annually. The simplest goods are unavailable on the shelves of stores in Dar es Salaam. When a Tanzanian aircraft was hijacked not long ago, there was a bitter joke in East Africa that the hijacker had wanted to fly to London to buy toothpaste.

Tanzania survives, but the duns are closing in. Like several other African countries, it has been regularly bailed out by Western banks and governments. The International Monetary Fund has permitted another loan of $350 million a year for the next three years, but is making tougher conditions than ever before. The dream has turned horribly sour.

IN ONE African country after another, the general economic tendency is for the cities to lord it over the country. Africa is still an overwhelmingly agrarian continent. Rationally, it should be run in the interests of the rural masses, with higher prices paid for food to encourage agriculture. The opposite has happened. Food prices have been kept artifically low so that the urban minority or minorities on which each government depends—the elite, the army, the mob—can eat cheaply.

Millions have been driven off the land and have migrated to the cities. In 1960 only three tropical African cities had populations of more than a million. Today twenty-eight have. They are not even "real" cities, as were those thrown up by industrial revolutions—in Lancashire, in Pennsylvania, or in the Ruhr—where although conditions might be grim, there were at least natural resources and developing industries. The great sprawling cities of Africa—and the shantytowns or *bidonvilles* on their outskirts—are repositories of people who have flocked there in the hope of living inexpensively when there is no future on the land.

The vicious circle is given another turn by currency policies. Many African countries—the members of the French African Community importantly excepted—have artificial and absurd exchange rates, the product of national pride, the selfishness of the ruling elite, and an unwillingness to admit failure. The absurdity is measured by the discrepancy between official and black-market rates. The record was probably held by Ghana before its last coup, when the street rate for the dollar was eighty times higher than the listed rate. Even now a dollar officially buys about 6.15 Ghanaian cedis, but can buy up to 180 on the streets of Accra. Those with cash to spend, and who can buy foreign currency at the official rate—the urban elite once more—find shopping abroad agreeably cheap. Meanwhile the farmer has even less hope of exporting cash crops.

Governments can struggle against the consequences of their own misdeeds. The official food price and the official exchange rate can be enforced with severity as extreme as firing squads. Governments can try to reverse the drift of country to town by force. Nigeria expelled 2 million illegal immigrants last year. "Marxist" Mozambique drives out shantytown squatters on pain of death. The junta in Ethiopia follows Pol Pot's example by expelling the masses from the cities, and famine results. But nothing works. Nothing can hold back the human tide. The Ethiopian government can be savage, but not strong; it lacks the means, not the will, to be fully Stalinist. Ironically, the one state in Africa that really does have a Stalinist political economy is South Africa, so reviled by the Russians and so favored by President Reagan—and, one suspects, secretly envied by other African politicians for its success in controlling the migration of labor.

AND SO, what is to be done with Africa? For one thing, although this seems to be a chronicle of gloom, all is not hopeless. Commonsense economic policies would point the road to recovery. A free market in food prices would encourage farmers to grow again. To begin with, there might even be government subsidies to farmers. Europe has left Africa so many bad legacies: why couldn't it export the European Economic Community's Common Agricultural Policy, with its bribes to farmers to produce? But there is no need for complicated agricultural policies in the long run; just a fair deal for farmers.

What is *not* needed, certainly not in the long term, is "aid," once so precious a liberal principle. Africa already receives more aid than any other part of the third world—$9 per head in Asia in 1981 as compared with $20 in Africa. Guilt-inspired aid from Western governments and incautious loans from Western banks have subverted the development of indigenous agriculture. Private investment, not long ago universally denounced as neo-colonialism, may well do more good.

A few countries—Kenya, Malawi, Togo, the Ivory Coast, and Cameroon—have greatly boosted the production of both food crops and of export cash crops since independence. They have all put behind them the same spendthrift mistakes they made along with other countries in the early years of independence. Significantly, none of those countries is a favorite of the Euro-American intelligentsia, of the Friends of Africa. None has an aggressively nationalist or self-consciously left-wing regime. Even more significantly, the last three named are former French colonies and enthusiastic members of the French African Community. Togo's per capita G.N.P. increased by 129 percent from 1960 to 1980, the Ivory Coast's by 73 percent, Cameroon's by 91 percent, a contrast indeed to the rest of Africa. Most of the C.F.A. colonies have solid economic records; those that don't, such as Chad and Mali, are the countries of the sub-Sahara desert, the Sahel. They are destitute, beyond redemption except by outside help, and cannot be reproached.

One reason for the C.F.A.'s success, to be brutal, is that the French never left. There are now nearly half a million French citizens in West Africa, ten times as many as two decades ago (twelve thousand of them soldiers). The C.F.A. has two central banks, one based in Senegal, one in Cameroon, each with a French treasury official as its chair-

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man. There is real money in circulation, not the Mickey Mouse kind: the C.F.A. franc is tied to the French franc. Two-thirds of each C.F.A. member's hard-currency earnings is deposited with the treasury in Paris, the rest with the two banks. It is pure "neo-colonialism"—but it works. Not only is their gross national product increasing faster than elsewhere in Africa, inflation is lower and savings higher. Above all, deprived of the means to "pay" for cheap food with worthless money, governments leave farmers to set their own food prices.

THE LAST and hardest question is what will happen to the states of Africa. The Africans are landed with the boundaries of colonial days, but they are not necessarily stuck with them for good. All African rulers are terrified of the tribal (or national) passions that might tear their countries apart. They will remain terrified, until—with or, one hopes, without violence—the boundaries are reshaped to something corresponding to ethnic divisions. This is considered a great heresy in Africa, and also among professional Africanists. It was significant that the Friends of Africa like Davidson were to a man hostile to the secession of Biafra from Nigeria in 1967.

There is one very understandable reason why Africans resist the return to tribal divisions: the South African policy of "homelands." These homelands, or Bantustans, are fragmented and economically hopeless units, run by corrupt stooges. The "independence" celebrations of Ciskei, a Xhosa-speaking homeland in South Africa, were preceeded by police beatings and imprisonments. The new chief of state Chief L. L. Sebe declared on Christmas, "We are free, we are independent. Acknowledge that or be damned." The next speaker was Dr. Piet Koornhof of the South African Ministry for Cooperation and Development. Sebe's chief of police is his brother. The neighboring homeland of Transkei is also run by siblings, the brothers Mantanzima. (These two families are sometimes called the Xhosa Nostra.) No wonder Africans pause at the thought of tribal states.

But in time the Africans will come to accept the realities of language and nation. They will understand that Biafra was a portent of political units based on those realities. They will see the absurdity of present borders. After all, how would Europeans feel if Europe had been arbitrarily partitioned by African statesmen at the Congress of Dar es Salaam a century ago, carving out a unit, say, called Rhenia, which included northeastern France, northwestern Germany, Belgium, and the Netherlands? And what would one's reaction be to a national revolt of the Netherlands, and the attempt to suppress it by force and starvation? There is simply nothing to be said for huge, entirely artificial units like Zaire, Nigeria, or Tanzania.

It is unlikely and undesirable that Africa should break up into the hundreds of kingdoms of pre-colonial days, but that is not the only answer. A few large, loose confederations would make sense—perhaps one with English as its lingua franca stretching down the east coast from the Horn to, one day, the Cape. Another running down the west coast, south and west of the Gulf of Guinea, would have French as the common language. Within each confederation, numerous different peoples could follow their own paths.

Europe has indeed imposed a succession of alien concepts on Africa, which never asked for them: mercantile trade, Christianity, liberalism, democracy, and, as a final bad joke, revolutionary Marxist socialism. Some African rulers lucubrate about socialism as though it had relevance to their countries. But it is an utterly European concept. President Nyerere calls himself a socialist, but doesn't see how "socialism" as he understands it is a product of the industrial revolution in sophisticated nation-states. He has an adviser-confidant, or guru, Joan Wicker, an old-fashioned progressive Englishwoman, who writes his speeches and manifestos. Neither she nor Nyerere can see that when she exhorts him "to build socialism," she is the last imperialist.

BUT TO SOME EXTENT we are all still cultural imperialists. The final form this cultural imperialism has taken is very odd indeed, for it appears on surface to be anti-colonial and anti-racist. So terrified are whites, Europeans, the north, of being thought racist (one might cynically say frightened of their own unconscious racism) that they project their European identity onto the Africans, and hence do them a terrible disservice. At the back of our minds is a half-recognized fear that if Africans fail by the measures we apply, then they are inferior beings.

Progressive opinion has swung wildly, from the days when progressives above all thought that European ways were a great gift to Africa, to more recently when European ways are resolutely condemned. And yet, all the time, European concepts are employed. A debate continues as to whether the multi-party liberal state or the one-party state is better suited to Africa. But why either? The Africanists assume without thinking that the state is both a natural progression and a great benefaction to Africa. It is in fact a quite alien concept there. And in the century of Hitler and Stalin, the state is not in any case a very obviously admirable institution even in Europe; in Africa it would not be hard to demonstrate that it has done more harm than good.

To express heterodox views on Africa even now is to run the risk of being misrepresented. Certainly "racism" in the sense of contempt for other peoples and cultures is odious, but it is not more silly and damaging than to lie about other peoples and cultures. There is no need to lie about Africa. There is no need even to be too gloomy. De Tocqueville once pointed out to a racist friend who sneered at primitive peoples that the people of Britain were once the most barbarous and primitive in Europe, and two thousand years later they were running the world. Africa will survive, and its relations with the rest of the world will change. Who knows? Africa may yet have something to teach us all.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

The World Is Theirs

Scarface
(Universal)

Another remake. The new *Scarface* is a panderers' picture. The original, directed by Howard Hawks and released in 1932, has been as overrated as are most good American films by rhapsodists eager to create pantheons, but despite Paul Muni's overacting in the title role, it was directed with cinematic imagination; and it was written in Ben Hecht's high style—facile, flashy cynicism. The Hawks film is a relatively serious attempt by the best show biz of the time to examine the criminal world of the time for its greed and blood lust, also as a pressure cooker for sexual aberrance. Tony Camonte, based on Al Capone, burns with animal greed and brutality, and at least part of his fire is sublimated desire for his sister. The last sequence, in which she joins him in the shootout against the police even though he has just murdered her newlywed husband, is true Hawks-Hecht, a quick skim of profundities made impressive by professional skills.

No one could maintain that the 1932 *Scarface* was done without hope of profit (the co-producer was Howard Hughes); still its various clevernesses provide the kind of pleasure that even the president of the A.S.P.C.A. might get at a bullfight by a leading matador. This new *Scarface* is as if that same president were at an Elizabethan bearbaiting.

The new *Scarface* seems to take its tone, stylistically and otherwise, from the mansion in which its protagonist ends up. This time called Tony Montana, he is a Cuban sent to Florida in the Castro shipments of 1980. He rises from Miami dishwasher to the top of the drug trade in less than three years and lives in an immense house furnished like the lounges of 1920s movie palaces. That seems appropriate enough for this Tony (although there's a wee question about how he got so *much* money so quickly), but, more sickeningly, that décor seems the crystallization of the sort of filmmaking employed by the director throughout. Brian De Palma's vision of Montana's dream fits perfectly with De Palma's own view of filmmaking. All of this film, even its most squalid settings, as well as its characterizations and narrative, is as overblown and banal and vulgar as that ultimate villa.

Poor old Tony Camonte never had it so good so fast. Of course the money in the drug trade today would have been far beyond Camonte's nakedest dream of avarice. Near the end, though relatively soon after his rise to power, Tony Montana is supposed to be clearing 10 to 12 million a month. He dies after some hoglike snuffling of a mound of cocaine on his desk that is worth more money than Camonte (Capone) probably ever saw. Everything is inflated, including the size of international criminal operations and of ill-gotten gains. The film audience's threshold of excitement has also risen. Violence gets more violent, gaudiness gets more gaudy, characters get more streamlined, cinematic style gets less subtle. De Palma and pals are out to pander to new gluttonies, and they have picked the right material, both as excuse and as medium. Hawks's *Scarface* treated a subject; De Palma's *Scarface* hitches a ride on its subject. Characters in the Hawks film are written and acted with some obligation to shatter stereotypes of crime films; with De Palma, characters are stuffed back into their stock shells. For example, the girl whom De Palma's Tony wins from his boss is played by a Barbie doll; for Hawks, she was a good actress with a real face, Karen Morley.

Block by block, De Palma has built his career largely on imitation, usually of Hitchcock, from his very first film, *Murder à la Mod*, through *Dressed to Kill* and *Blow Out*. When *Scarface* was announced, I expected a Hawks imitation: the only surprise is that it's something of a Coppola imitation, reaching for the sudden eruption of blood into phony luxe that marked *The Godfather*. But De Palma doesn't have the talent that Coppola (once) showed. Not one of the sequences or compositions in this *Scarface*, from a murder in a Cuban refugee camp, to nightclub shootouts, to luxe circular bathtubs, does anything but *remind* us—frequently of films we wish we hadn't seen in the first place—and thereby reminds us of De Palma's bankruptcy. His idea of a "touch" is to have the camera come close to Tony's eyes, accompanied by ominous music, whenever he looks at his sister with as-yet unacknowledged incestuous lust.

The violence in this new *Scarface* was much publicized in advance through its difficulty in getting an R rating, and if I didn't believe that the ratings examiners are honest, I'd suspect that De Palma's distributors paid for the advance fuss. The violence is not discernibly more bloody or frequent than in a picture I saw just the night before called *Uncommon Valor*, which got its R without publicity. De Palma's one notable contribution was possibly inspired by *The Texas Chain-Saw Massacre*: while Tony is forced to watch, a drug dealer

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Dresser. Better acting backstage than on stage in Britain, 1942. Albert Finney titanic as a star doing his last Lear, Tom Courtenay drily sad as his dresser. (Reviewed 12/12/83)

The Right Stuff. Not quite. But the story of Chuck Yeager and the Mercury astronauts holds as much through resemblance to fiction as fidelity to fact. (11/14/83)

Terms of Endearment. Excellently acted, nimbly written and directed. Intelligent laughs, earned tears in a story of a young woman, her husband, her peculiar mother, and mother's extraordinary lover. (12/26/83)

Yentl. Super *kitsch*. Barbra Streisand as a 1904 Jewish girl in Eastern Europe who masquerades as a boy to enter a yeshiva. She's her best director, and she uses songs ingeniously. (12/19/83)

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torments him by (offscreen) amputating the arm and leg of a pal with a chain saw.

The story, written by Oliver Stone, is the very boring and predictable arc of a criminal's rise and fall, not new with the first *Scarface* or with *Little Caesar* or *The Public Enemy*. Whether or not you know Hawks's film, you know, after the first ten minutes of this *Scarface*, what the outline is of the next 160 minutes. The general shape is still the Hecht shape, and a few of the details of the original are retained, like the electric sign reading "The World Is Yours" which, seen early, is seen again at the bloody end (and which I have always thought the nadir of Hecht's Broadway cynicism). Inevitably we get a few sops to "right thinking," passed off as deepenings of character. This new Tony hates communists; won't murder a man by blowing up his car because the man's wife and kids are with him (though Tony blows out the brains of the man sitting next to him to prevent the "bad" murder); spouts a fake Hamlet speech about the meaning of life. "What is a man,/If his chief good and market of his time/Be but to sleep and feed?" gets translated into the vulgate for a drunken speech by the rich Tony in a nightclub. He walks out telling the gaping patrons that they need him because he's the bad guy who makes them feel good. With this profundity—that we all rest easier because there are murderers with wealth and power—the picture leaves us to reel.

THE SCRIPT does make one moralistic change from Hecht, perhaps because, contradictorily, it affords a chance for sexual explicitness. In Hawks's film, after Tony guns down his best friend because he thinks the friend is shacking up with his sister, he finds out that his sister and the friend had just been married; nevertheless, during the final shootout, the frenzied sister, responding to instincts deeper than grief, helps Tony load his guns. With De Palma the same mistaken murder occurs, but Tony's sister does not forgive him or help him. Instead, when trouble arrives, she comes into his study, virtually undressed, demented, and taunts him about what he has really wanted all along before she starts shooting at him herself. This change plays both sides of a twisty street: it keeps the sister from forgetting her murdered husband, and it also provides a little extra sexual tease.

Note another change. In Hawks the last shootout is against the police. In De Palma that shootout is against a small army of thugs loosed on Tony by a Bolivian drug mogul whom he has betrayed. The size of that thug army, the speed with which it is summoned, the implications of international reach, the immense arsenal of huge weapons are all part of the tonal design that runs throughout this film and ends at Tony's Napoleonic desk. Nothing exceeds like excess.

The last disgust is for Al Pacino, who plays Tony. His chief power as an actor is in violence or threat of it. When he gets a part that can use that power in a work of some substance, like David Mamet's play *American Buffalo* or Sidney Lumet's film *Dog Day Afternoon*, his talent gives it life and resonances. But unlike other actors of murderous roles such as James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson, he has no range; he just sells violence wherever anyone will hire him to do it, like a mercenary soldier who doesn't care whom he shoots so long as he's paid. It's disgusting to see Pacino pouring the gifts he has used well elsewhere into this sewer. (He does assume a good Cuban accent.)

This film is dedicated to Howard Hawks and Ben Hecht. I haven't seen a more hopeless attempt at aggrandizement-through-dedication since William Friedkin adapted his sorry *Sorcerer* from *The Wages of Fear* and dedicated his distortion to Henri-Georges Clouzot, who made the original.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Revivals and Resuscitations

Two recent Broadway revivals of plays by a pair of departed playwrights provoke questions about the nature of the theater and its obligations to the past and present. Tennessee Williams's *A Glass Menagerie* and Bernard Shaw's *Heartbreak House*—both written when their authors were at the height of their powers—are arguably the finest work of each, and unquestionably worthy of revival. We have a right to ask, however, what motivates the new productions, apart from the intrinsic merits of the plays. It is tautological to reply that a work of dramatic art deserves to be restaged because it contains imperishable qualities. To avoid hardening into an artifact, a revival must show us how these qualities illuminate the way we think about our lives today. In my opinion, the current production of *Heartbreak House* (Circle in the Square) does this successfully; the production of *The Glass Menagerie* (Eugene O'Neill) does not.

Williams conceived *The Glass Menagerie* as an autobiographical memory piece, which is to say, as something already heavy with nostalgia. Apparently writing under Group Theater influences, Williams was concerned here with a family blighted by the Depression, living on the threshold of a major World War—a specific social-political milieu unusual for a writer who will later be celebrated for his subjective psychosexual nightmares. Just as Williams's lyrical rhetoric often echoes Odets's jazz age diction, so Tom's decision to abandon his oppressive family and join the Merchant Marine reminds us of Ralphie's rebellious departure in *Awake and Sing* (not to mention Biff Loman's in *Death of a Salesman*), evoking the same poignant sense of guilt and loss as the price of filial independence.

This social environment is fairly well preserved in the current production. Still, for all its historical framework, *The Glass Menagerie* depends even more on character development, and the problem here is the absence of any consistent depth in the acting. John Dexter is a master of stage choreography, but he has directed this play like a drill sergeant. The evening is dominated by gestures rather than feeling, as if there were little more at stake than traffic problems. Ming Cho Lee's diaphanous set, built for transparent effects, has been drenched in so much colored light I thought Stanley Kowalski was using it as a trysting place. And two of the four roles are miscast. Tom, played by Bruce Davison with a cigarette dangling from his mouth, looks more like a golden-

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haired R.A.F. pilot than the author's alter ego, while Amanda Plummer's Laura is an adolescent urchin out of *This Property Is Condemned*, whose staccato diction and puppy-dog fawning make her appear less physically handicapped than mentally retarded. John Heard, on the other hand, as the Gentleman Caller captures well the cheerful boosterism ("*Knowledge*—Zzzzp!—*Money*—Zzzzzp!—*Power*! That's the cycle democracy is built on!") of an amiable philistine who could very well grow up to be Ronnie Reagan. And Jessica Tandy as Amanda Wingfield—in a bobbed blonde wig inspired by a 1940s Breck ad—makes an artful construct of the kind of middle age Blanche Du Bois might have enjoyed had she recovered her wits and started a family.

Miss Tandy interprets the character as an intelligent, warmhearted, maternal woman with few of the awkward mannerisms and neurotic tics traditionally associated with the part, aside from a highpitched flutter. Because she possesses quiet elegance, regal dignity and genuine faded beauty, her affectations of shabby gentility seem more authentic than were perhaps intended by the author. Still, this is a delicately nuanced performance that will undoubtedly deepen with time, when the production shakes free of a director who is apparently more concerned with glazing surfaces than with penetrating the mysteries of character. Perhaps an Englishman adept at epics and operas is capable of plumbing the psyches of neurasthenic Americans, but Mr. Dexter hasn't proved it. Generalized and tentative, his production has something dead at the root and strangled at the source, leaving the play's poetry defunctive, its instinct anaesthetized.

BY CONTRAST, *Heartbreak House*, as performed by one of the strongest casts ever gathered at Circle in the Square, is very much alive. Shaw's characters may not be very profound—in this play their human dimension is somewhat subsumed by their allegorical function—but there's something extremely contemporary about a family living near thirty tons of explosives that can blow them up at any moment. An air of doomsday and judgment permeates the atmosphere—not unfamiliar to us but rare for Shaw, who ends the play with an insight which clouds the future of the human race. After the Bloomsbury aesthetes and equestrian colonialists and venal plutocrats have all played out their empty amorous charades, after the Heartbreakers and Horsebackers have proven equally incapable of steering a ship of state that is going on the rocks, the roar of enemy bombers is heard overhead. Hesione Hushabye calls the sound "Magnificent . . . like an orchestra . . . like Beethoven." And when the bombers pass by, sparing the house, instead of sighing with relief, the Shotover family longs for their return. "What a glorious experience," says Hesione, "I hope they'll come again," to which young Ellie Dunn, "radiant at the prospect," as Shaw puts it, answers: "Oh, I hope so."

What Shaw exposes in this scene is the dark side of the human moon where the imagination of catastrophe generates not only fear and terror but surreptitious thrills, where shivers of pleasure are caused less by the annihilation of others than by our own self-extermination. Like the aging Freud, who pushed past the pleasure principle to discover a fascination with Thanatos that sometimes outweighed all life-affirming principles, Shaw recognized that within each of us there is a hidden demon, titillated by destruction. And if it is in our hearts, you can be sure it is

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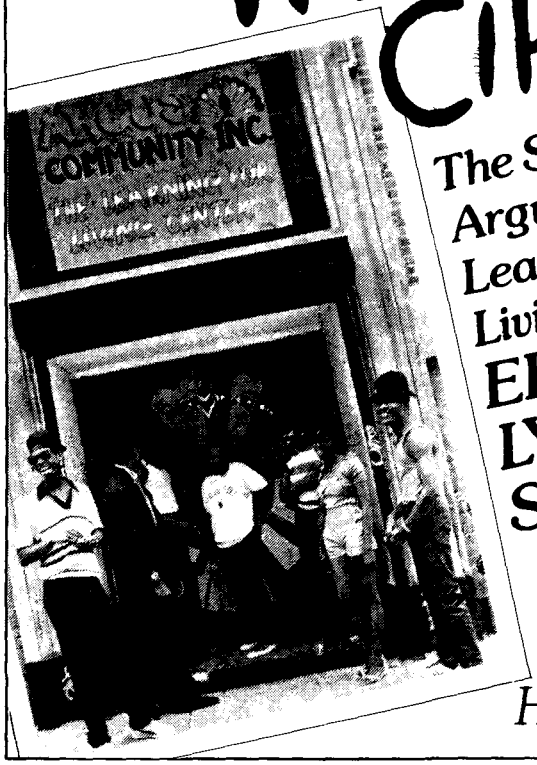

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also in the hearts of our leaders, for all their pious talk of peace and deterrence. Written during World War I, *Heartbreak House* reinforces a suspicion that our secret love of death, coupled with the unlimited destructive powers of the Bomb, constitutes one of the unspoken, unspeakable threats to continued life on earth. And if that hidden demon is not hauled out of the subterranean caverns where it secretly lurks, then the odds on our survival will remain very slim indeed.

I WOULD BE grateful to this production if only for telling a truth that most of the nuclear debates ignore, but there is more to commend about the evening than its ending. Anthony Page, directing with subtlety and wit, has assembled a generally excellent cast of British and American actors who, except for occasional lapses of fatigue in the second act, manage to provide even Shaw's chattering and maundering moments with a high style. Rex Harrison, as Shotover, proves once again that he is our supreme Shavian actor, stooped and dozing in his melancholy old age, yet capable of remarkable energy bursts, his vaguely Oriental eyes mirroring perpetual astonishment. Rosemary Harris, playing Hesione in a combination of dashing costumes makes credible a middle-aged Bohemian with whom everybody can fall instantly in love, while Dana Ivey, as her sister Ariadne—a woman no member of her family recognizes (because she doesn't exist)—speaks with an irresistible sangfroid that suggests how much Shaw's language owes to Oscar Wilde and W. S. Gilbert (not to mention how much Noel Coward's owes to Shaw). Amy Irving makes a lovely appearance as Ellie Dunn, doing the difficult transition from cheeky romantic to disillusioned realist with charming ease. And Philip Bosco, his hair plastered down in strings across his scalp, not only does a remarkable job of characterizing the vulgarity and confusion of the Dickensian villain Boss Mangan, but manages to look and sound like every major British character actor simultaneously, including Donald Wolfit.

There are minor weaknesses in the cast—Stephen McHattie does not have enough matinee-idol flamboyance for Hector, and William Prince is too limp for Mazzini Dunn—but these would hardly be noticed except in a company where even the minor roles (Jan Miner's Nurse Guiness, Bill Moor's Randall Utterword) are artfully played. Marjorie Bradley Kellogg's setting, though functional enough, is too massive and not sufficiently suggestive of a ship, but Jane Greenwood's handsome period costumes reinforce the personal and allegorical qualities of the characters. One of these characters—the thief, Billie Dunn—has been cut, to the consternation of some reviewers. I don't miss him a bit, and, since Shaw's sense of form and economy is far from classical, neither does the play. It is enough that the spirit of the text has been preserved. For that, and for all it tells us about our woeful, ominous time, this revival is welcome.

PARADING HIS SERENADING

The Complete Lyrics of Cole Porter edited by Robert Kimball

(Knopf, 354 pp., $30)

One of my favorite novels of the century, Jean-Paul Sartre's *Nausea*, portrays a totally discontented French scholar who gets a lift from the irrelevant material of daily existence only by listening to an old scratchy record of "Some of These Days, You're Going to Miss Me, Honey":

> I think about a clean-shaven American with thick black eyebrows, suffocating with the heat, on the twenty-first floor of a New York skyscraper. The sky burns above New York, the blue of the sky is inflamed, enormous yellow flames come and lick the roofs; the Brooklyn children are going to put on bathing trunks and play under the water of a fire-hose. The dark room on the twenty-first floor cooks under a high pressure. The American with the black eyebrows sighs, gasps, and the sweat rolls down his cheeks. He is sitting, in shirt-sleeves, in front of his piano; he has a taste of smoke in his mouth and, vaguely, a ghost of a tune in his head. "Some of these days." Tom will come in an hour with his hip flask; then both of them will lower themselves into leather armchairs and drink brimming glasses of whiskey and the fire of the sky will come and inflame their throats, they will feel the weight of an immense torrid slumber . . .
>
> That's the way it happened. That way or another way, it makes little difference. That is how it was born. It is the worn-out body of this Jew with black eyebrows which it chose to create.

Little as this may apply to the forgotten Shelton Brooks, who wrote "Some of These Days" back in 1910, it does recall, like some old Warner Brothers film biography, the remarkable feats, with or without whiskey, sometimes without a piano, of Israel Baline (Irving Berlin), Jacob Gershvin (George Gershwin), Hyman Altruck (Harold Arlen), and a whole army of arduous immigrant-derived tunesmiths and song pluggers whose romance with America, and with romance itself, established the success of Tin Pan Alley.

Cole Porter from Peru, Indiana, (Yale '13, Keys and Skull And Bones) was distinctly different, and not only because he was (almost always) "cool" and "high society"; he was his own lyricist, and the wittiest and most resourceful master of the double entendre in the generally uninspired body of American *vers de société*. Only in our musical theater has Broadway consistently justified itself. Only because he was so fashionable in international society as to be, up to the very late 1920s, unfashionable for Broadway, was Porter able to get his enduring wit and mischief into musical comedy. *The Complete Lyrics of Cole Porter* is the fullest, heaviest, and most sumptuous proof of just how delightfully Porter has endured.

Others might accentuate the positive. Porter slipped easily into the negative. He was not a romantic (except about Yale friendships) and his passion for women, a very general one, was less marked than his delight in "friendship":

> If you're ever down a well, ring my bell.
> If you ever catch on fire, send a wire.
> If you ever lose your teeth and you're out to dine,
> Borrow mine.
>
> It's friendship, friendship,
> Just a perfect blendship,
> When other friendships are up the crick,
> Ours will still be slick.

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He was married for some thirty-five years to a very wealthy woman, older than himself, who was once "the most beautiful woman in the world," but whose first marriage "turned her off the sexual side of marriage." This was definitely a relationship without amatory sweat. Still, Porter, already rich, was launched by marriage into life with the "rich rich." The Porters were chummy with the Prince of Wales, Lady de Mendl, Bernard Berenson, Noel Coward, and of course Elsa Maxwell, a now forgotten prop of "society" who at one time was as indispensable as a Pekinese. Porter smoothly denied that he was a snob. "I just like the best."

> The legends about the whole European idyll of Linda and myself are greatly exaggerated. It is true that we bought a $250,000 house in Paris with zebra rugs and a platinum-leaf room, but we rarely used it. We were generally somewhere else—England, Italy, or Spain. As for the four-year lease on the Palazzo Rezzonico [Venice], it is true we held parties which the social set of that day felt to be a little dazzling.

But, as Porter said when Warner Brothers produced an absurd film about him, *Night and Day*, in order to cash in on the fame of that song, "If there is one thing my songs have never fitted, it is my life." Difficult as it is to believe now, the "love that dare not speak its name" was once as private as royalty's. Porter knew how to intimate sexual mischief without offending; his greatest gift as a satirist, the mainstay of his verse, was his ability to share a secret with his audience. This he did by lampooning sex as physical drudgery. In *DuBarry Was a Lady* (1939), he had Ethel Merman sing to Bert Lahr:

> When the light of the day
> Comes and drags me from the hay.
> That's the time
> When I'm in low.
>
> He replies: Have you tried Pike's Peak, my dear?
> Kindly tell me, if so.
>
> She: Yes, I've tried Pike's Peak, my dear.
> But in the morning, no, no-no, no,
> No, no, no, no, no!

In "Nobody's Chasing Me" *(Out of This World*, 1950):

> Each night I get the mirror
> From off the shelf.
> Each night I'm getting queerer,
> Chasing myself.
> Ravel is chasing Debussy,
> The aphis chases the pea,
> The gander's chasing the goosey,
> nobody's goosing me.

DRAWING OF COLE PORTER BY VINT LAWRENCE

Porter's famous but untypical torch song, "Night and Day," was inspired, he said, by a Mohammedan call to worship that he heard in Morocco. He liked to start with a rhythmic beat for which he then found the words, and finally the music. Of course it is the aggressive repetition in "Night and Day"—"Like the beat beat beat of the tom-tom/ When the jungle shadows fall"—and the typical internal rhymes following the quintessential Porter spoofing of the body "under the hide of me/ There's an, oh, such a hungry yearning burning inside of me" that make us sit up. The lonely, genuinely visceral plaint in a great love song like Arlen's "Stormy Weather" moves us. The sad weather is in the soul, and is a driving metaphor. But the "flair" of "Night and Day" comes not from the feel of "burning" but from Porter's typically detached use of a simile—"like the beat beat beat of the tom-tom." He used lyrics as word games and never moved without thesaurus and rhyming dictionary.

Porter's upper-crust spoofing, not least of his own set and its endless social busyness, was one way of suggesting the sexual entanglements and complications that were his favorite material. These he had to get down the hungry money maw of a musical theater that needs to be a total smash in order to survive at all. This drive also keyed him up to astonishing feats of last-minute cleverness. He was in fact frequently censored. This wonderfully complete and annotated collection lists song after song that had to be dropped, and not just because they didn't "work."

Yet his increasing success, especially in the 1930s, obviously depended on a very specialized social experience. Porter obtained his creative energy from seemingly endless camaraderie. At first he and his wife entertained so lavishly in the hopes of obtaining an entree to Broadway. The composer behind many famous Yale shows and the ironic composer of such professionally virile Yale hymns as "Bingo Eli Yale" and "Bull Dog," Porter not only seemed to live in the midst of a party, but often got his best ideas from one. He sometimes depended on other people to fill in a lyric, and he liked to tell the story (in two different versions) of how his friend Monty Wooley had furnished the great line "It's de-Lovely" (from *Red, Hot and Blue!* 1936) after Moss Hart had said of Java that "It's delightful," and Porter chimed in "It's delicious."

How much Porter's most famous

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songs—"Anything Goes" (1934), "I Get a Kick Out Of You" (1934), "You're the Top" (1934), "Just One of Those Things" (1935), "Begin the Beguine" (1935), "I've Got You Under My Skin" (1936), "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" (1938)—owed to his friends, his frank need to win their love by constantly entertaining them! The line between making a hit and being loved for it is more indistinct in show business than elsewhere. From childhood on, and of course at Yale, Porter always used his music to ingratiate himself with every one. Photograph after photograph shows him at the piano, everyone around him (even Louis B. Mayer) wreathed in smiles.

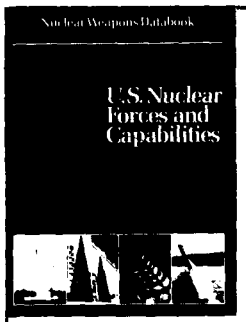
Porter (born 1891) was in every aspect of personal style and some necessary impudence a product of the 1920s who became a Broadway favorite in the 1930s. What this says about the Depression era is interesting. The crowd in black tie at a Music Box opening never suffered as the "truly needy" did. Yet even in this crowd, as Ernst Lubitsch, Cary Grant, Irene Dunne made clear in still-amusing movies, there was a general cry for entertainment approaching the risqué. Lighthearted wit often took the form of self-parody.

Porter was a champ at this. In the '20s, that natural time for "golden youth," he learned the essential air of confidence, even of personal sovereignty, that made that decade a perpetual modernist show, and this made the '30s all the more grateful for his impudence. His critics make this clear. Because of the great success of *Kiss Me, Kate* in 1949, Edmund Wilson was eventually to accuse Porter of selling out. In Hemingway's *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, a dying writer in Africa (supposedly modeled on Scott Fitzgerald) drinks a last whiskey and soda and bitterly mimics Porter's "It's Bad For Me." Porter had obviously gotten under the skin of people who forever identified themselves with the '20s.

But what the Depression crowd in black tie at an opening gained from Porter was the assurance that America, their America, was still standing. The "best" people still deserved the best. Porter's "patter," as he liked to call it, was the ultimate goods for people with dough. He and his wife had been "everywhere"; he spoke French, Italian, German, Spanish; he knew Greek so well that in *Jubilee* (1935) the "sapphic ode number" was spoken in Greek as June Knight danced it. Setting out to master Russian, he said "that which I do learn will be enjoyable when I take that big country place in Crimea."

Anything Goes (1934), my favorite Porter show, had the perfect title for a Depression audience. "You're the Top" became the most famously clever Porter lines. Of course the song would not have been the same without Ethel Merman, who was still Ethel Zimmerman when Porter found her, and who was to become as necessary to a Porter show as the words to his music. Merman (Arturo Toscanini said that she was not a voice but a powerful musical instrument) had a genius for belting out a line as loudly, smashingly, and above all as clearly as possible. When Porter could not catch just one word at a rehearsal, he called her at three in the morning to reprimand her; she never made that mistake again. "You're the Top" made a serenade to the "best," to the most recherché and the most expensive, to the things that only money could buy and that only money had seen.

You're the top
You're the Louvre museum
You're a melody from a symphony by Strauss
You're a Bendel bonnet
A Shakespeare sonnet,



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You're Mickey Mouse.

You're the Nile,
You're the Tow'r of Pisa,
You're the smile
On the Mona Lisa.

What these words said in dark 1934 was that America was safe because its products were as good as Europe's.

The serenade was not just to "things," however, but to the audience rejoicing in instant gratification, which Porter, too, provided. Such sharing and connection with an audience in the musical theater are not common in the American theater. They are not usual even in American "light" poetry. Of course all clever lyricists, punsters, satirists, and parodists make people laugh for a moment. But compare Porter with such gifted providers of words to other people's music as Lorenz Hart and Ira Gershwin, and you see the advantage Porter drew. His words were entirely words to his own music, and the wit of his words depended on his ability to raise the audience immediately to his own level—and to keep it there. The instant happiness that Porter gave his audience is the kind that becomes history.

ALFRED KAZIN

Alfred Kazin's new book, *The American Procession*, will be published by Knopf in April.

THE WEIGHT OF WHAT HAPPENED

Zakhor: Jewish History and Jewish Memory by Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi

(University of Washington Press, 166 pp., $17.58)

From a Ruined Garden: The Memorial Books of Polish Jewry edited and translated by Jack Kugelmass and Jonathan Boyarin

(Schocken Books, 275 pp., $18.95)

There is a speculation by the well-known mythographer, Mircea Eliade, that major religious holidays are not only commemorative (celebrating a past event), but also soothers of a burdened memory. They cancel a debt by a sort of solemn orgy; they undo, especially in the Judeo-Christian tradition, a past that weighs on those who take history seriously, who cannot see it as merely contingent, as a meaningless and catastrophic accumulation. As Nietzsche said in *The Use and Abuse of History*: "Life is absolutely impossible without forgetfulness." The modern historical sense, he added, may prevent that forgetfulness and may injure our ability to live by enforcing a state of perpetual wakefulness.

The Jewish Day of Atonement could be taken to corroborate this insight. We remember all our debts toward God, all sins of commission and omission, but only in order to be purged of them, in order for a New Year to begin also within the individual. This paradoxical disburdenment of memory through ritual rememoration was also cryptically expressed in the Baal Shem Tov's famous "Memory is Redemption," now inscribed on Yad Vashem, a house that testifies to the most ruinous episode in the history of the Jews. Yad Vashem, the museum in Jerusalem, documents the Holocaust in the light of a phrase that is basic to every attempt to make sense of a catastrophe which threatens to turn us all into Nietzsche's insomniac philosopher.

To "understand" the Holocaust, we are using for the first time all the resources of modern historiography. What in previous eras of pogroms, massacres, expulsions, was remembered mainly by being absorbed into a repetition or extension of existing prayers—into that kind of collective mourning—is now much harder to treat ritually. First, because of the enormity of the event, for which many find no true analogy. Then, because by a reversal of traditional procedures the call to remember (*zakhor*) is no longer satisfied by Days of Remembrance alone, but aspires to a writing so fearfully detailed that it may never be erased from the conscience of the nations.

This modern turn to historiography may have significant consequences. Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi has argued that it is causing the first real rupture between Jewish memory and Jewish history. For to document something faithfully and endlessly cannot give the relief that comes from ritual observance, which stresses "not the historicity of the past, but its eternal contemporaneity." The collective memory, working through ritual and recital within the confines of Bible, Talmud, and similar texts, remains redemptive or integrative. Yet many today cannot choose "myth" over "history"—a possibility still open even after the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, which saw some history-writing in the modern sense, but mainly a spreading mysticism. Nor does Zionism help settle the balance between ritual memory and historiography: it weakens Jewish memory by its revolt against Diaspora continuities, and also weakens historiography by vacating historical time between Masada and the founding of the state of Israel.

Yerushalmi fears that the historical sense, which modern Jewish writers themselves cultivate with luminous persistence, will hasten the decline of Jewish memory. The historian's task, therefore, "can no longer be limited to finding continuities in Jewish history, not even 'dialectical' ones. Perhaps the time has come to look more closely at ruptures, breaches, breaks, to identify them more precisely, to see how Jews endured them. . . ." Yet he does not guarantee this venture success: he refuses to substitute for myths of history a myth of the historian. To be a "physician of memory" is indeed the right vocation. But since among the Jews memory did not depend on historians in the first place (the "collective memories of the Jewish people," he writes, "were a function of the shared faith, cohesiveness, and will of the group itself, transmitting and re-creating its past through an entire complex of interlocking social and religious institutions that functioned organically to achieve this"), the historian, as he puts it sadly, seems at best a pathologist rather than a physician.

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The collective memory is not easy to define. In principle, it should be possible to understand what is Jewish (or any other persistent group identity) from an embodied knowledge, a set of practices and symbols which have attracted a variety of explanations, some in the form of stories. To such questions as "What mean these stones?" or "What mean ye by these ceremonies?" there are various kinds of answers, not all convergent, not all official. Jewish tradition for a long time did not codify them. It preserved and kept probing; it expected scholars to memorize everything and find their own way among the authorities. Every scholar was immersed in this labor of reading, transmitting, and sorting the past; it was not left to someone called a historian.

THIS IS clearly less true today, and in that sense it is correct to talk of a decline of the collective memory. Story and history separate. Yet this also liberates story, makes it stand in its own light, reveal its own character. We have learned that stories cannot be abbreviated by an intellectual method, or foreclosed by spiritual hindsight. Christian typology, which turns the Hebrew Bible into an "Old" Testament prefiguring a "New" Truth that completes it, suffers imaginatively from such a foreclosure, though Christian story generates, of course, parables of its own, episodes that are enigmatic enough to haunt as well as guide the reader. From Judah Halevi's twelfth-century theological work, *Kuzari*, advocating storytelling over philosophical argument, to Walter Benjamin's essay in our time on how storytelling is becoming a lost art because we insert too much explanatory material, there is an awareness, however easily trivialized ("Pepperidge Farm remembers," spoken in a great-grandpa voice), that something like a collective memory exists. Unlike Halevi, of course, Benjamin knew that the collective memory, as an uninterrupted or self-reparative process of handing down wisdom from generation to generation, seemed now in jeopardy, and that contemporary ideologies like Nazism were leaping into the breach by professing a politics of repristination, a violent return to an aboriginal state of purity that, in effect, elided both story and history.

It is not oral transmission as such which is crucial, rather the fact that ritual and recital combine effectively to

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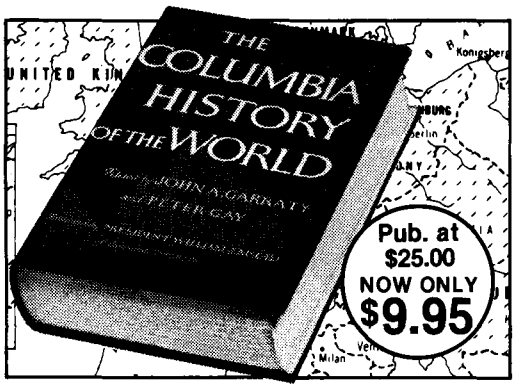

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make memorable stories which survive when other channels of communication fail. Whether or not we fully understand how this collective memory works, we know that in Jewish tradition learning and legend have reinforced rather than subverted each other. We also know that historicism in its earliest phase recovered the oral traditions of other peoples and that the major effort of nineteenth-century philology was to analyze ballad, Bible, and epic as the expression of a communal spirit. Even as individualism asserted itself, communal forms were retrieved. Often, however, a virulent nationalism took hold of that research and politicized it, so that the concept of a "people" or "folk," and of collective rather than individual expression, was used to censor and suppress nonconformist tendencies.

Any talk about the "collective memory" must be approached, then, with circumspection. The imputed character of such a memory may itself be the outcome of historical anxieties. It is premature to assume that a collective memory once existed that is now endangered by modern developments. The only certain thing is that the contemporary historian has a self-image of his discipline which sets up an opposition: "a Jewish historiography divorced from Jewish collective memory and, in crucial respects, thoroughly at odds with it."

Must we accept Yerushalmi's stark contrast between these two sources of knowledge and identity? It is certainly important to insist on a difference not sufficiently studied; yet there is a tendency, which one finds equally in literary studies (Yerushalmi admits that his distinction reflects an "ever-growing modern dichotomy"), to exaggerate the organic, or ideal and unitary character of a previous kind of memory, as if unconscious adhesion to a way of life were more genuine than a broken or born-again pattern. The breaches and breaks Yerushalmi wishes to identify more precisely, and the endurance that helped the Jews to overcome them, may have always existed. But now there are fears, more prophetic than realistic, that the rise of the historical sense will doom altogether a collective memory associated too easily with continuity and authoritative transmission.

This is a time, then, when we should ask what middle terms or significant links can be found between Jewish historiography and Jewish memory—links that might be strengthened once more. That such intermediate forms exist is suggested by Yerushalmi himself in certain of his comments on the Holocaust. He remarks that though it has engendered more historical research than any single event in Jewish history, "I have no doubt whatsoever that its image is being shaped, not at the historian's anvil, but in the novelist's crucible." The novel, he suggests, shows that Jews, while not rejecting the burden of history out of hand, expect to be relieved from it by a new metahistorical myth, like those Sephardi Jews who chose mysticism over history to explain the cataclysm of the Spanish expulsion.

I am less sure that fiction can play the role attributed to it by this distinguished historian, who speaks urbanely yet in bitterness of heart. He feels the need to acknowledge the rise of something (fiction) that is inherently profane and perhaps profaning, yet which in previous eras was kept within the boundaries of ritual and recital. Fiction is, no doubt, an image-maker today, and open to popular misuse, especially in the form of televised simplification. But that is why, first of all, we have such an increasingly complex literary criticism, a hygiene of reading with iconoclastic overtones. Like the historian, the literary critic looks "more closely at ruptures, breaches, breaks," not to defeat tradition even more, but to show the heteronomic rather than hegemonic structure of every significant mode of discourse, sacred or secular. But equally important are "memorial" genres that perpetuate, even today, the collective memory in a nonfictional yet highly imaginative form.

AMONG THESE genres are the video-memoirs incorporated, for example, in YIVO's film about Jewish life in Poland before the war, *Image Before My Eyes*, or the tapes being made by Yale's Video Archive for Holocaust Testimonies. This new oral history has not yet found its place: it looks suspicious to the positivist historian, yet it should not be left by default to the literary critic's tendency to turn everything into narratology. A second link to the collective memory is represented by another YIVO-inspired work, *From a Ruined Garden*, a selection from the "memorial books" of Polish Jewry indispensable to historians interested in the survivors of the Holocaust as well as the Holocaust itself.

As the editors tell us in their fine introduction, most memorial books, or *yizker-bikher*, are written in Yiddish, and they describe salient aspects of the life of both small and very large Jewish communities in Poland. At least six hundred such books exist for Eastern European Jewry alone. Some are in Hebrew or English or whatever language the survivors speak. Compiled on shoestring budgets, they are an unusual example of collective authorship, commonplace books that bring together whatever documents the survivors could save. They contain the records, known in each community as its *pinkes*, historical narratives based on all kinds of sources, from encyclopedia articles to eyewitness accounts. But

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they are interspersed with personal sketches and reflections, vivid characterizations of both eccentric and leading personalities, and learned summaries of folklore and linguistic habits. Some contain maps and photographs. The first modern books of this kind emerge after World War I and the Ukrainian pogroms. Most *yizker*-books, however, were compiled in response to the Holocaust. They are the equivalent in words to communal tombstones erected by *landsmannschaften* (fraternal societies of emigrés and survivors) in their home cemeteries. "No graves have been left of all those who were slain," we read in such a book. "Beloved and precious martyrs of Koriv, we bring you to burial today! In a *yizker-bukh*, a memorial volume! Today we have set up a tombstone in memory of you!" The recently announced Yad Vashem project to build a "Valley of the Destroyed Communities" extends this work of mourning. It has to embrace not individuals alone, but entire communities in which the Jews were among the oldest settlers. Of 3 million Jews in Poland, only 10 percent survived.

Let me say at once how difficult and disconcerting it is, how moving and necessary, to encounter this collection. Every story or testimony in it is and is not like every other. I wonder whether such a treasury of sorrows has been published before. Who has not seen, in certain Catholic Churches of Europe, a wall crowded with notes to the Virgin Mary, hopeful plaques and inscriptions in all sizes and shapes? To me it seemed as if I had come across an endless wall of such tablets, stretched across time, pregnant words snatched from an underworld of private and communal tragedy. The dead cannot speak; here the survivors speak for the dead as well as for themselves; or like Esther-Khaye, the *Zogerin* ("Sayer"), for the illiterate and the grief-stricken unable to talk:

> Just at daybreak before the High Holy Days, this picture is to be seen: a large crowd of women, led by Esther-Khaye bearing her book of supplications, set off for the cemetery. The way to the graveyard is not far from town, and as Esther-Khaye enters, she feels at home, among people she knows. "Good morning, God," she begins in a tragic melody, "Your servant Esther-Khaye has come . . . ." And approaching the grave, she looks over at the woman on whose behalf she is supplicating, and words begin to pour from her mouth, as if from a spring.
>
> First she calls out the name of the deceased and strikes the gravestone three times with her hand, speaking as if to a living person: "Good morning to you, Rive-Mindl the daughter of Hankev-Tsvi, your daughter Sore-Rivke has come, for she wants to see you and pour out her bitter heart before you. Look, Rive-Mindl, at what has become of your daughter, if you were to arise now and see what has become of your daughter, you would return to the grave. Request, Rive-Mindl, a good year for your daughter, a kosher year, that she may know no ill, exert yourself for her sake, why are you silent? Why do you not supplicate the Lord of the Universe?"

Taken from the Zabludow *yizker*-book, published in Buenos Aires in 1961, this story, like many others, has no direct relation to the Holocaust. Yet it is recalled, together with grim and graphic accounts of the destruction, because these volumes memorialize a vanished life in its vigor. One finds depictions of the market, of special festivals, of a girl's schoolroom, of anarchist and other political demonstrations and deaths, of local quarrels, of Jewish fighters in the Spanish Civil War. There are reminiscences from the real Chelm (known in legend for its naive townsfolk), sayings attributed to the Dubner Magid, and a grotesque *fait divers* from the camps: "How I read Yiddish Literature to an S.S. Captain." The sections dealing specifically with the Holocaust and its aftermath take up only a third of the volume. Emphasis falls on the variegated, often joyful, culture of the Polish Jews, on what existed before the garden was ruined.

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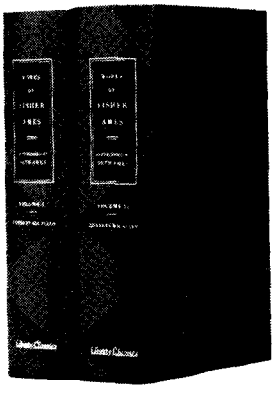

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The task of anthologizing must have been trying. The editors, anthropologists by profession, chose what they found most compelling: humorous or tragic stories illustrating everyday life and its underlying tensions. Even if what they left out is important, at least the quarrying of these sources has begun. A scholarly "Bibliography of Eastern European Memorial Books" is appended. There are also German-Jewish memorial books to be explored, though they tend more to the learned monograph. They can be found in the Leo Baeck Institute.

Can we reflect on the art revealed by this collection? The vignette presenting Esther-Khaye has the intimacy of Yiddish, and we cannot call such provincial stories "great" or "heroic," accustomed as we are to Western literature. Yet the intimate detail builds up typical characters or scenes, and evokes an acute sense of the difference made by speech—from lighthearted joking to bearing witness—in a universe of death. Esther-Khaye, seen in retrospect, stands for the difficulty of mourning, and for the increased strain of that effort after the Holocaust, when there is not enough voice to go around. Even the familiar prayers barely save themselves. Yet if the effect here is anything but heroic, there is a category of the memorable which is "above heroic," and which lies at the heart of all imaginative writing as it reanimates the colors and figures of a culture that should not be allowed to die a second time by becoming a nostalgic and frozen memory. What is delightful about Esther-Khaye is precisely her spontaneous, creative use of a traditional ceremony and its formulas. Everything is familiar, yet nothing is rigid.

From a Ruined Garden is an indispensable sourcebook that shows Jewish memory interacting with history. It renews a genre going back at least to the fourteenth century. Yerushalmi points to the famous *Memorbuch* of Nuremburg which summarizes persecutions in Germany and France from the First Crusade of 1096 to the Black Death of 1349. Without these books in modern form we would have only the records of the perpetrators: orders of the day, intake lists, lives reduced to itemized effects, names and numbers in endless series. By the poetic justice of the *yizker-bikher*, there is a *gilgul*, or a transmigration, of names—belonging to places, persons and customs—extended as in a Mourner's Kaddish, though here by means of story and testimony.

Is it the literary scholar in me that responds so strongly to these names saved from obliteration, as if they were revenants who are offered the life from which they were cut off, if only in the body of these memoirs? Despite Yerushalmi's caution that "although *Memorbucher* may contain important historical information, they cannot be regarded as historiography," I regard them as a type of history with its own form and reason, a popular and restitutive genre. That genre is historical rather than historiographical: penetrated by contingency, by the fact that these survived and these did not, but also by an insurgent memorial tradition that gathered in and recorded, in a spontaneous and composite, rather than ritual and integrated form, the fullness of these names. On the one hand, the unutterably sacred name of God, called *haShem*, "The Name"; on the other, motley syllables often more like nicknames, sometimes short (Yosl, Schloyme Healer), sometimes evocative of rabbinic grandeur (Rabbi Reb Yoshuah Yankev).

As the *Sefer Kalushin*, the memorial book of the town of Kalushin, writes of a tragedy in the last century, when a synagogue was burnt: "The place stood empty; only the terror and the legends remained." That remains true here too. The names return; fragments of ordinary life are recovered; the *landsmannschaften* piece together emblems and synecdoches of their former existence. Yet nothing fills up. Some of the terror is given shape and purged. But one cannot say that these memories bring relief, even if they take the place of tears. Nor do they drift toward a new myth. Relief comes only, perhaps, in glimpsing a life that is still familiar to us, that has not been estranged. It is not fantasy we view, but reality—a reality which knows how to make use of fantasy "year in, year out, every time with the same familiar pattern" as is written of Esther-Khaye's performance.

But there is not yet such "tranquility" as Yehuda Amichai's poem on Jerusalem offers, moving rhythmically from the task of remembering to a natural forgetting:

> Everything here is busy with the task of remembering:
> the ruin remembers, the garden remembers,
> the cistern remembers its water and the memorial grove
> remembers on a marble plaque a distant holocaust. . . .
>
> But names are not important in these hills,
> like at the cinema, when the credits on screen
> before the film are not yet interesting and at the end of the film
> are no longer so. The lights come up, the letters fade,
> the rippling curtain comes down, doors are open and outside is the night.

GEOFFREY H. HARTMAN

Geoffrey H. Hartman is professor of English and comparative literature at Yale University. He is the author of *Criticism in the Wilderness* (Yale University Press).

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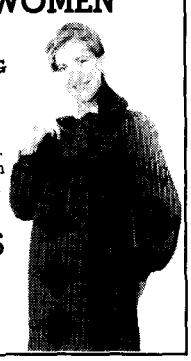

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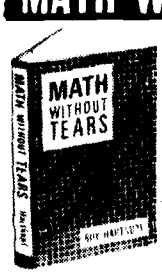

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GOOD 'EVANS!

Good Times, Bad Times
by Harold Evans

(Atheneum, 488 pp., $17.95)

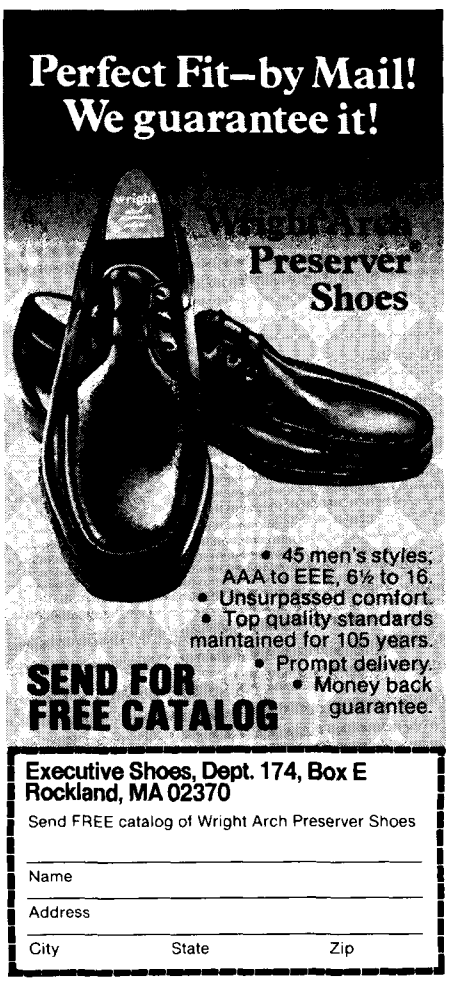
When the Australian newspaper bandit Rupert Murdoch bought *The Chicago Sun-Times* a few weeks ago, he added yet one more well-known newspaper to the eighty or so publications which he owns in Australia, Britain, and the United States. The most striking of his coups was the purchase of *The Times* of London in 1981; one would hardly have been more startled if Larry Flynt had bought *l'Osservatore Romano* from the Vatican. Much has been written about Murdoch by journalists peering in from the outside, but most of it has been thin gruel, because Murdoch and his chief executives rarely give interviews to the press, and journalists who work for him are too intimidated to talk. But *Good Times, Bad Times* is by a rightly renowned journalist who, as Murdoch's editor on *The Times* for a year, was (even in that brief time) engaged with him in a struggle to the death. Harold Evans is a man who could have told us a great deal about Rupert Murdoch. Unfortunately he is too interested in telling us about Harold Evans.

Yet the book is fascinating, and ought to interest the general reader, not least in America. Murdoch is only 52, and is likely to expand his "bordello of papers," as *The Sunday Times* of London aptly called it (before it became part of the empire), and the most obvious place to expand is America.

I must declare my interest in this matter. When Evans became editor of *The Times*, he invited me to write an American column for the paper once a week. At the time of his appointment, Sir John Junor, perhaps the most experienced editor in Fleet Street, predicted that Murdoch would give Evans "one year there. You'll see, one year." Almost to the day the prediction was fulfilled. Murdoch forced Evans out on March 15, 1982. He lists those who resigned or were fired with him and, with a twist I will describe, my column was among the casualties. Even though 3,000 miles from London, and a freelance columnist at that, I therefore know something of that ugly year. I could contrast it with the days when *The Times* was still a great newspaper, since I was employed as one of its editorial writers in the 1950s, before I resigned from it to begin my life as a freelancer. It was then a newspaper of jealously guarded traditions, of unquestioned independence, and of deserved authority and influence. Its independence had been reestablished, sustained and protected by its then proprietors, a branch of the Astor family, and the sense of tradition was built into the very walls. I believe that the decline of *The Times* began even while I was there, when the Astors made an unfortunate choice of a new editor. But that is another story. The Astors became tired of *The Times* and its financial losses, and they sold it in 1966 to the Canadian newspaper proprietor, Lord Thomson of Fleet. He already owned other important newspapers and had bought into commercial television. The sale to Thomson therefore went before the Monopolies Commission, which approved the purchase when Thomson agreed that four "national figures" should sit on the main board of the company, as guarantors of the independence of the newspaper, of its editors, and through them of its reporters and commentators. Thomson already owned *The Sunday Times*, so that the two newspapers were for the first time joined.

Evans devotes his first chapters to his editorship of *The Sunday Times*. He makes exaggerated claims for the kind of independence which Thomson permitted. It is true that he imposed no "centralized and unified philosophy" on his newspapers. "But it was not quite so straightforward as it sounded," as Piers Brendon writes in his recently published *The Life and Death of the Press Barons*. "Editorial liberty was qualified by managerial supervision, which was dominated in turn by the profit motive." The Thomson organization, like other such large and diversified corporations, owned more than newspapers. Evans again claims that Thomson did not interfere to protect these other activities from investigation. Yet in its testimony to the Royal Commission on the Press in 1977, when it was owned by Thomson, *The Times* observed wryly: "Coverage of Thomson Organization activities in Thomson newspapers tends, certainly, to the drily factual." The fact is that Evans's claims for Thomson are self-serving: they help to build up the portrait of himself as the once independent editor trampled underfoot by Murdoch for trying to defend that independence.

The son of Lord Thomson in turn grew tired of *The Times* and its losses, and the organization put it up for sale in 1981. It was when Murdoch then outbid and outmaneuvered every rival that the hollowness of the arrangement by which the independence of *The Times* should be guaranteed by the four "national directors" was exposed. We need not take Evans's account of what he calls "The Sale of the Century" as the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The story of the negotiations—more accurately, the manipulations—is complex and murky, and Evans's own role was not simple. Yet it is an "inside story" which neither Murdoch, with all his resources, nor any of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the other participants, has seriously undermined.

The story is chilling in many respects. Behind the Monopolies Commission, in theory, stood the authority of a watchful Parliament and disinterested government. But Mrs. Margaret Thatcher was Prime Minister, and Murdoch was one of her most ardent (one can hardly say of him "loyal") supporters. It was by Mrs. Thatcher's wish that the proposed sale to Murdoch was not referred to the Monopolies Commission, and the transaction was supported in Parliament by the Conservative majority. The "national directors" on the board of *The Times* were of course retained, and the Secretary of State for Trade and Parliament laid down conditions—the guarantees of the paper's editorial independence which Murdoch himself later said, speaking of his own promises to Parliament, were "not worth the paper they're written on." Americans ought to read this story of how governments that are supposed to supervise the activities of great corporate power can in fact be easily and even willingly manipulated by it.

So Murdoch got *The Times* and Evans, with no show of doubt or dismay, went to work for him as its editor. He has some fun at the expense of Sir William Rees-Mogg, whom he succeeded as editor; yet Rees-Mogg, who had said of Murdoch to the Royal Commission in 1977, "I would never myself be willing to work for him," did not. Since Rees-Mogg gave a good reason for his stand—Murdoch's "views on the proprietorial function," that his "writ does run in his own building"—Evans lays himself open to the charge either of culpable naiveté in believing Murdoch's guarantees, or of simply not caring very much about the issue when the plum was dangled before him.

We must be clear that in the matter of *The Times* we are not concerned with Murdoch as the "King of Trash." He has not tried to turn *The Times* into the kind of salacious and sleazy, unprincipled and reckless, newspaper which he has made of *The Sun* in Britain, of *The New York Post*, of the San Antonio *Express* and *News*, and of others of his newspapers, so that they are hardly distinguishable from his national tabloid, *The Star*. The vital issue here is the political independence of a newspaper such as *The Times*, and the important question is whether this was the issue over which Evans was forced to resign. The purpose of Evan's book is to demonstrate that it was, and if his picture is true, then every country where Murdoch owns papers has reason for alarm.

Unfortunately, the manner in which Evans has written his book gives ammunition to his enemies. If his dramatization of the whole story lends it a justified urgency, and certainly makes it enthralling to read, one cannot help wishing that he did not so often dramatize his own role. One simply grows weary of the constant self-preoccupation. Every one of his moods and movements is recalled and dwelt on. By the time he says "How cleverly Murdoch had played things. I had made a crucial mistake: I had put the paper first and not protected my back," it is unconvincing. For almost five hundred pages he has been putting himself first.

The dangers of this self-dramatization are made clear in the opening chapters of this book, in which he describes the major stories of investigative reporting and other Fearless Journalism which *The Sunday Times* published under his editorship. For although Evans may have backed his reporters when they uncovered such stories, against the often intimidating pressures of government and corporate power, and although he may be allowed to give himself full and even fulsome credit for his own staunchness, he did not play such a leading role in inspiring or discovering or pursuing these stories as he suggests.

IT IS ALSO unfortunate that, since he is accusing Murdoch of undermining the political independence of *The Times*, his own independence can be questioned. In his five references to Henry Kissinger he makes no reference to the fact that he edited both volumes of Kissinger's memoirs, with Oscar Turnill, an assistant editor of *The Times*, to help him. The reader of Evans's book would not know that he had a personal interest in serializing Kissinger's books and in letting Kissinger promote himself and his views in *The Times*. In fact, once or twice in my weekly transatlantic talks with the features editor while I was writing my column, he friendlily warned me off making any criticism of Kissinger: "Henry, well, you know—Harry and Kissinger—well, we just don't criticize Kissinger." Before Murdoch began to move against Evans, Murdoch's own political views were sometimes similarly passed on to me. Murdoch is as ardent a supporter of President Reagan as of Mrs. Thatcher. More than once it was suggested to me over the Atlantic, "Perhaps you should lay off Reagan for a little."

Murdoch himself and Evans's enemies on his own editorial staff deny that political independence was the issue. One of the reasons why Evans was forced out, they say, is that his personality and methods had created chaos on the editorial floor. I heard at the time a great deal about the clash between the

IN RAINY SEPTEMBER

In rainy September, when leaves grow down to the dark,
I put my forehead down to the damp, sea-weed smelling sand.
What can we do but choose? The only way for human beings
is to choose. The fern has no choice but to live;
for this crime it receives earth, water, and night.

We close the door. "I have no claim on you."
Dusk comes. "The love I have had with you is enough."
We know we could live apart from each other.
The sheldrake floats apart from the flock.
The oaktree puts out leaves alone on the lonely hillside.

Men and women before us have accomplished this.
I would see you, and you me, once a year.
We would be two kernels and not be planted.
We stay in the room, door closed, lights out.
I weep with you without shame and without honor.

ROBERT BLY

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Old Guard on *The Times* and the New Wave who had been brought in by Evans. In fact, this clash had been going on, under various editors, since my own days on *The Times*, when I observed its first decline. There were always those (myself included) who wished to preserve it as it was; there were always those who wanted to popularize it to attract "the general public." It has been the task of every editor since 1952 to reconcile these two positions. None has been successful. The paper has declined through various stages of what was first embarrassingly called "quali-pop." My own opinion is that Evans made *The Times* a more interesting newspaper without either reversing the decline or carrying it any further. But it is his own fault if the self-dramatizing style of his book seems to support the view that in making changes he created an unnecessary amount of uneasiness and hostility.

THE SECOND accusation against Evans made by Murdoch and Evans's enemies on his own staff is that he was an extravagant spender as editor of a newspaper which was losing millions a year. I can offer no personal testimony on this issue—except to say that I was handsomely paid for my column and that I did observe some very carefree expense-account spending, a far cry from the penury we accepted in the Astors' days. But it is here that Evans's case, as he presents it, begins to be illuminating and convincing. What Evans makes clear is that an editor's independence rests on two pedestals: his control over the use of the editorial budget, and his control over the hiring and firing of the editorial staff. It seems abundantly clear from his account that he was never given a precise editorial budget by Murdoch's corporate henchmen, and then left to control its use, and that Murdoch fully lived up to his long-standing reputation for wishing to control (often ruthlessly) the editorial hiring and firing. When he comes down to these mundane matters and forgets himself, Evans gives us an overdue insight into how men like Murdoch view their newspapers, and how great corporations like his own organization get a stranglehold on them.

Evans might have concentrated our attention on the threat to an independent press, on both sides of the Atlantic, which is presented by the merger of more and more newspapers into great corporations whose other commercial properties are extensive and diversified. The process has gone further in Britain than here. Only three of these great conglomerates, Reed International, Trafalgar House, and News International, own ten out of Britain's seventeen national newspapers, representing almost 75 per cent of the daily, and about 90 per cent of the Sunday, circulation, and the threat grows in America every year. The most serious criticism of Evans's book is that all this is lost in his telling of his own achievements and quarrels with Murdoch, and in his (hair-raising, one must agree) exposure of the intrigues against him on his own staff.

For one of the lessons of this book is that men such as Murdoch can operate only if they can find pliant men to assist them. Their power will always be found to rest ultimately, not only on their resources, not only on the extensiveness of their organizations, but on their gift for searching out men to do their will. When Murdoch decided to move against Evans, he found eager conspirators already in place, and was able to make conspirators of others. I have my own knowledge of this. I can see in retrospect that senior editors who visited

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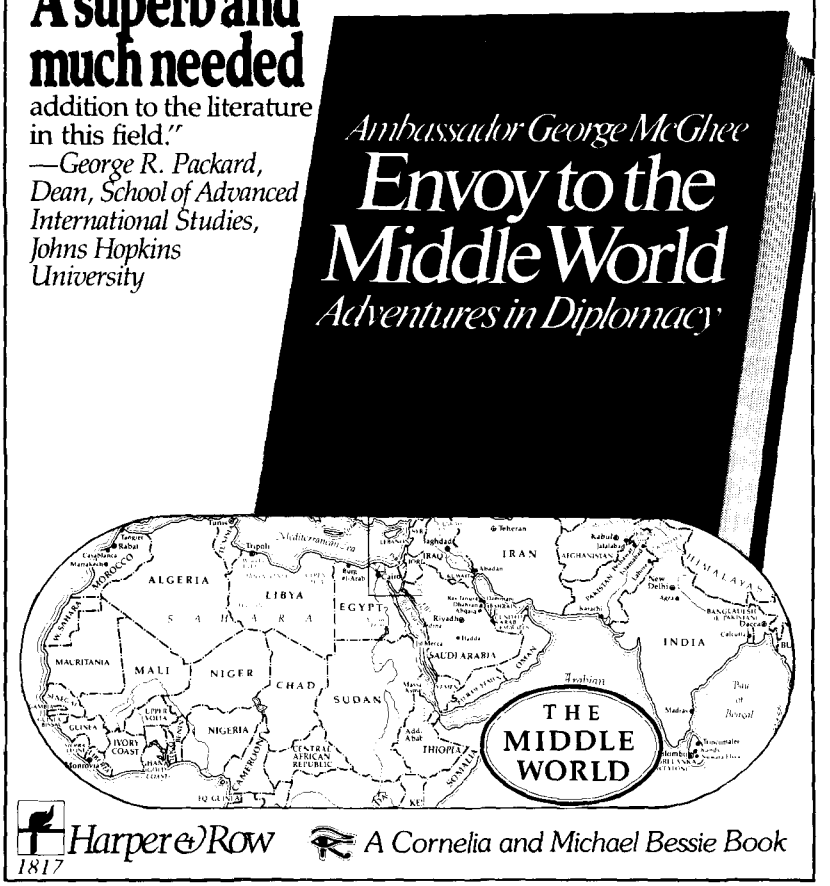

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me in Washington, whom I took to be emissaries of Evans, were in fact emmisaries of Murdoch or the conspirators sent to search out evidence of disaffection, or simply to sow it, with soft phrases such as that "things are not going smoothly under Harry" and the always ominous, "Of course, your column is not in danger," which anyone of experience will translate as: "Your column is in danger."

When I heard the news of Evans's resignation from London, I had little doubt that my column would be dropped anyhow. But it seemed no time for havering; indeed, no time to leave them an alternative. At least I would test the new regime under Charles Douglas-Home, the new editor, whose disloyalty to Evans qualifies him for A. J. P. Taylor's description of Lord Curzon: "One of nature's rats." In my next column I inserted at the beginning a criticism of proprietors who turn conservative papers into party newspapers. I ended it with an undisguised criticism of Murdoch and his interference with the independence of *The Times*.

I asked I.T.T. to be sure to send me a duplicate of my column as it was cabled: somehow I did not expect parts of it to reach print under Douglas-Home. *The Times* of course published a mangled version, removing both the initial and final criticisms of Murdoch. Ten days later the expected letter arrived from London. It began with the usual flummery—"Although we have admired and appreciated your column, necessary economies. . . . " I did not trouble to read any further.

It is necessary to add only that when I began the column under Evans, he asked me to write in my first piece about my memories of *The Times* thirty years before. Recalling the newspaper which I had revered and loved when I had worked for it, I asked with obvious point whether the paper to which I was returning was as good. In not answering my question, I made my own view clear. *The Times* had declined. The column appeared as written. With all my criticisms of Evans and his book, there still remains that essential difference. That should not be forgotten.

Meanwhile, *The Times* slides further into mediocrity.

HENRY FAIRLIE

THE TROUBLEMAKER

A Personal History by A. J. P. Taylor

(Atheneum, 278 pp., $14.95)

In 1956 A. J. P. Taylor, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and former Lecturer at Manchester University, delivered Oxford University's Ford Lectures in English History—"the most prestigious historical lectures," he writes, "in the English-speaking world." Being an expert on European but not on English history, he received the invitation with some misgivings. He mentioned these to his friend Alan Bullock, who said:

> "You have always opposed official British foreign policy. Now tell us about the men who opposed it in the past: Charles James Fox, Bright, The Union of Democratic Control." I was intoxicated with delight, yet I never should have thought of this subject if Alan Bullock had not suggested it to me.

He worked on the lectures throughout 1955 and, when the time came, he did not simply read from a prepared script for an hour—the invariable habit, then as now. "It was no use to me," he writes,

> I never used a script but made things up as I went along. . . . I made another innovation. Most lecturers slip unobserved into the hall . . . and hang about near the platform until the audience is settled down and the doors have to be closed. I waited outside the hall until it was full. Then the doors were flung open and I swept onto the empty stage: no lectern, no microphone, just me. . . . In delivery as in content the Ford Lectures were my most triumphant achievement.

It is obvious that A. J. P. Taylor is a man who likes himself, to my mind the indispensable attribute of good autobiography. In due time the lectures were written out from memory and published under the title of *The Trouble Makers*, a title suggested by the publisher. Taylor says that this is his favorite book, the one he would most like to be remembered by. "I suppose it should be called a history of ideas," he writes. "For me the ideas, the characters and the excitement of presenting them are all mixed up." And indeed, each of the six lectures in its printed form still suggests a channeled torrent, a masterly kind of orderly disorder, a brilliant impromptu speech.

FOX, BRIGHT, and the rest are called Dissenters, as, naturally enough, is Taylor himself—Dissent being to his mind a peculiarly English-speaking quality, and a Dissenter one who does not simply disagree with a particular line of policy, but "repudiates its aims, its method, its principles." Throughout his mature life, in fact, he has been at odds with the foreign policies of Whitehall. For example, in the early months of World War II, he offered his services to the Foreign Office's Political Intelligence Department and was asked to write a report on British war aims. "I read all the ministerial statements," he tells us, "reaching the conclusion that the British government had no war aims or indeed any idea of what they were doing. I was writing a report on these lines, when I was abruptly told to cease work. . . ."

Perhaps the most resonant example of his Dissent, however, will be found in his attitude toward the cold war. Here he held with the great Lord Salisbury, Victoria's last Prime Minister, that "cooperation with Russia was a wiser course than hostility, and that Russia, whether Czarist or Soviet, sought security, not world conquest." In 1948 he gave four radio talks on the contemporary situation, arguing that Great Britain should "maintain the Balance of Power"—it is ironic that the greatest of Taylor's Dissenters, John Bright, once called the balance of power "that evil thing"—by cooperating with Soviet Russia "against the American attempts to dominate the world." This was Dissent with a vengeance; there were indignant questions on both sides of the House of Commons; the Foreign Office complained to the BBC; and the BBC, after a feeble show of resistance, cut Taylor off the "Third Program."

In the early '70s, Taylor published his *Beaverbrook*, a massive tribute to his "be-

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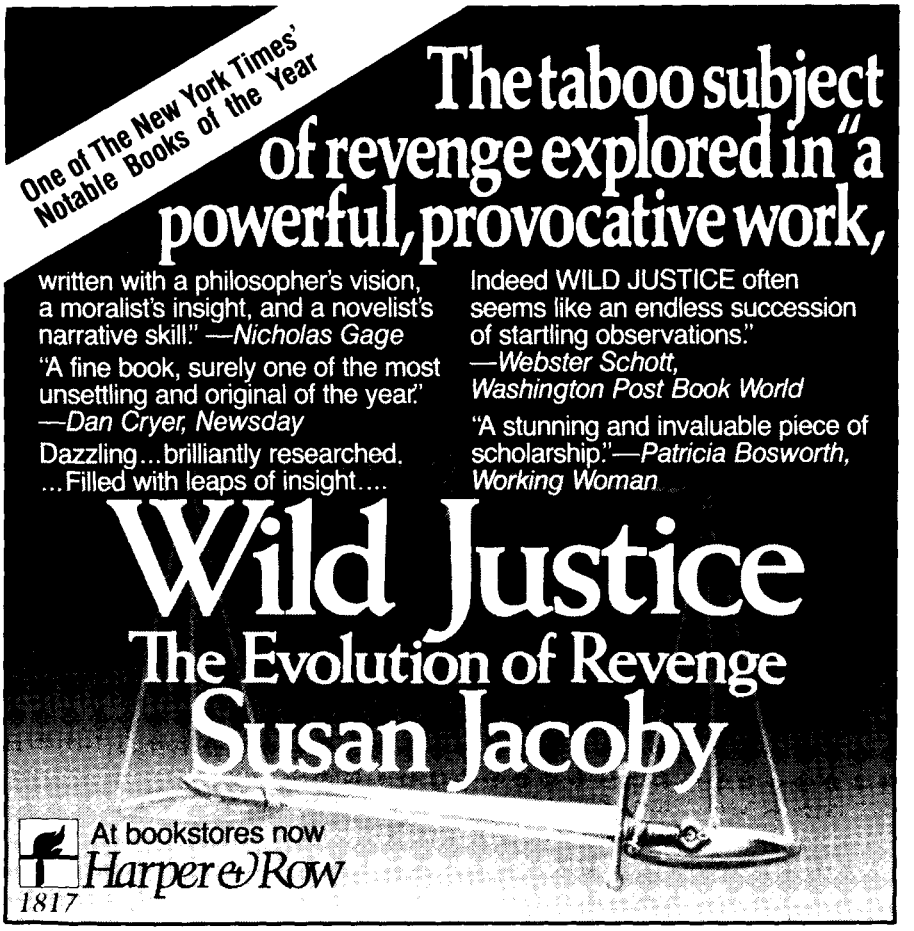
loved friend," where we find the following passage:

> I told Beaverbrook that Michael [Michael Foot, who appears in *A Personal History* as "sparkling but shallow"] had been educated at Leighton Park, the snob Quaker public school, and I at Bootham, the non-snob one. Beaverbrook was delighted with this and said: "You and I are sons of the people. Michael is an aristocrat."

What is a son of the people? Lord Beaverbrook came from a line of small businessmen and tenant farmers. Mr. Taylor's grandfather had worked himself up from a proletarian to a prosperous merchant in the Lancashire cotton trade, from which his father drew an annual income of £5,000 a year, a very substantial sum in those days. Taylor, in fact, was born (in 1906) in the lap of luxury or thereabouts. He was sent, like any other bourgeois boy, to a preparatory school and a public school, even if the latter was "non-snob." If he had not won a scholarship to Oriel College, Oxford, he could have got there without one.

THE REAL POINT is that both his parents—his mild father, his "sharp-tongued and arrogant" mother—were also Dissenters in the English sense of not being in communion with the established Church of England; both of them considered Anglicanism the preserve of stiff-necked Tories and grasping landlords. For they were Liberals, Lancashire Liberals. Their pattern of political manhood was Oliver Cromwell who, as the saying goes, taught English kings that they had a joint in their necks. They were members of the leftish Independent Labour Party, less intellectual in Preston than elsewhere, but intellectual enough—after the Bolshevik Revolution—to entertain the utopian hope of belonging to the Third International; Taylor's prosperous father actually sat on the Preston Strike Committee in 1925.

Taylor in his adolescence once heard a voice say: "There is no God," which settled that difficult question once and for all. He also devoured such I.L.P. publications as the shorter works of Marx and Engels. His being a "son of the people" seems, like the I.L.P., largely intellectual: he might be said to have adopted himself into the working class and—always at odds with the capitalist establishment from which he derived his living and indeed his fame—to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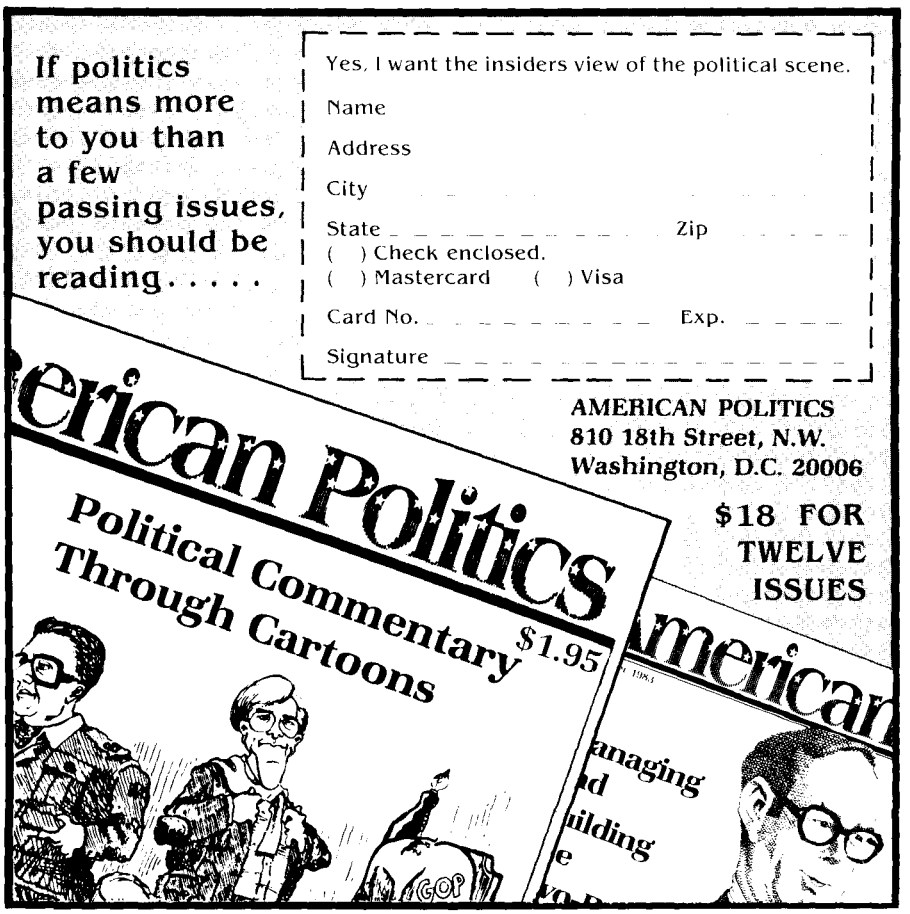

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have remained its faithful adopted son throughout his life.

His pilgrimage in *A Personal History* leads him from Bootham to Oxford, where he received "not the slightest tincture of training in historical research" and where he did most of his reading "on the sly," chiefly, it would seem, about the French Revolution and the Revolutions of 1848. It was the Oxford I remember, the Oxford divided between Aesthetes and Hearties, the Oxford of Harold Acton and of Evelyn Waugh. He made friends and had fun there; lost his Lancashire accent; joined the Oxford Two-Man Communist Party and left it because of the Communists' mischievous role in the General Strike of 1925 (just as, later on, he deserted Marxism because "common sense kept breaking through"); graduated with a First in history and went on to Vienna.

Here he found a lasting model in the brilliant impromptu lectures of P. R. Pribrach, learned to speak fluent German with an Austrian accent, did his first serious archival research, and conceived a lifelong passion for music. From Vienna he moved to Manchester University, on the recommendation of the great Lewis Namier, who became his dearest friend, and whose "betrayal" of him in 1966 is one of the two themes that haunt this book.

THE OTHER haunting theme is his marriage to Margaret Adams, whom he first met as a student in Vienna, a marriage which gave him "eight years of happiness, and ten years of intense misery," and four sons. (For the record one should add that, this first marriage having ended in divorce, he married a second wife, who refuses to have her name used, and who bore him two sons. This also ended in divorce. The third and present marriage is, he says, as near perfection as a human marriage can be.)

At Manchester he became a tenured Lecturer, wrote the first two of his twenty-seven books, and gained a reputation as an original and scholarly historian. After eight years at Manchester, Taylor made what he says is the greatest mistake of his life: he accepted a Fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford, one of the oldest and most select of colleges. Thus he left a great and loved city for "a small provincial town," "a University that seemed unaware of any world outside its own," and a college that received him coldly. Nonetheless, it was during his Oxford career that he reached the historical eminence he now enjoys. It was from Oxford's cloisters, also, that he made his way into the television and radio studios of London to become a recognized star, and into the newspaper offices as a popular journalist.

Oxford, with its lingering monastic tradition, was apt to regard Fellows' wives as "somewhat embarrassing indiscretions." But he and his wife settled down to a happy existence until she suddenly conceived a passion for a former student of his, Robert Kee, and—while this was still alive—began a still more destructive entanglement. In 1946 Dylan and Caitlin Thomas appeared; and Margaret Taylor became enthralled with them. They lived in the Taylor's summer cottage; she spent her nights drinking with them, while Thomas boasted that he "had hooked the wife of a rich don" and Caitlin complacently admitted that Margaret had fallen in love with Dylan. Margaret Taylor subsequently bought the Langharne Boathouse (now a Thomas memorial) for them, and it was because she broke a promise to stop giving them money that the divorce eventually took place.

A Personal History is indeed personal: candidly, even embarrassingly, so. Even when it is venomous, and it sometimes is, it never fails to be entertaining. But what sort of historian inhabits it? The best example of him as a left-wing intellectual will be found in his *The Origins of the Second World War* (published in 1961), the only subject that he says was not suggested to him in advance. In it, he argued first that Germany had hardly armed at all until 1936 and second that Hitler, "the most popular leader that Germany has ever known," had not planned the war years beforehand, but was in fact the "supreme opportunist," taking advantages as they came. It followed that those governments which encouraged Hitler, not merely with irresolution and dithering but also with sympathy as some kind of bulwark against communism, must also bear the blame; even then Taylor failed to stress the support that "the Bank of England and English Capitalism generally" gave to Nazi Germany.

His detestation of Nazism before and during World War II was well known; in *The Origins* he does not deny for an instant the monstrous character of Hitler. His argument needs the utmost delicacy to make itself clear, however, and this is, alas, of all his books, the only one that could be accused of clumsy exposition. Taylor somehow gave the impression that he was making excuses for Hitler, which was absolutely not the case, and the outcry was tremendous.

As a historian Taylor believes in the great value of narrative history, thus agreeing with Macaulay who studied the art of narrative more intensely perhaps than any historian before or since his day. Taylor's deliberately populist *History of England 1914-45* is his finest example of sustained narrative and one that remains, in his opinion, his highest technical achievement. He describes his historical writing as "fun on a high academic level," fun with a cutting edge, irreverent not iconoclastic, using the scalpel not the sledgehammer. He loves the past like a scholar and loves the language like an artist—"careful about my sources, trying to set down the truth as I saw it," he says, yet writing with a wit that constantly and happily surprises us.

IT IS fitting to end with the first haunting theme in *A Personal History*, the finish of his long and close friendship with the great Sir Lewis Namier. Their falling out occurred in 1956, over the appointment of the Regius Chair. The Regius Professorship, which is in the gift of the Prime Minister, is Oxford's highest honor; the incumbent Professor had reached the age of retirement, and Taylor—beyond question one of the most distinguished of Oxford's historians—was in the running for a nomination, as was Hugh Trevor-Roper, whom he calls "that incomparable essayist," as indeed he is. The Prime Minister was Harold Macmillan, and Taylor was doubtful about accepting anything from a man whose hands were "stained with blood" from his part in the Suez Canal fiasco. Macmillan eventually asked Namier to choose for him, and Namier in due time telephoned Taylor to say that he was off to London to see the Prime Minister and that Taylor was "the only one person fit to occupy the Regius Chair." "Of course," he added, "you must give up all this nonsense about appearing on television and writing for the *Sunday Express*." Taylor replied that if he was the historian best qualified then Namier should choose him: what he did with his spare time was of no concern to Na-

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mier or to anyone else. Namier "snorted and said 'Unless you give up television and the *Sunday Express*, I must recommend Trevor-Roper.' " To Taylor he seemed to be speaking to placate some Tory establishment of his own imagination. Taylor replied to this best and most loved friend of many years, "Your standards and mine are no longer the same." He put down the telephone and never spoke to Namier again.

There is, however, a typical and happier coda: Hugh Trevor-Roper, the new Regius Professor, at once wrote to Taylor to say that if Taylor had been chosen he (Trevor-Roper) would have said that the better man had won, and "I replied that I agreed with him." Here we must leave this contentious, cantankerous, irreverent, and independent historian. He has written a memorable book.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD

George Dangerfield, whose *The Era of Good Feelings* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) won the Pulitzer Prize, is the author most recently of *The Damnable Question: A Study in Anglo-Irish Relations* (Atlantic / Little, Brown).

CREATIVE CAPITALIST

Financier: The Biography of André Meyer by Cary Reich

(Morrow, 384 pp., $15.95)

"One of the safest assumptions one can make about André Meyer is that he would not have wanted this book, or any book about himself, for that matter, to have been written." So writes Cary Reich in *Financier*, a biography of legendary banker André Meyer. Many of his friends will concur with this assumption, and will regret the appearance of this book as leaving an unfair impression. Not a friendly portrait, it is hard-edged and uncompromising. Reich confirms that Meyer was an insecure, difficult man, lonely despite innumerable associations, and insecure despite wealth and recognition. But the complexities of his personality should not deflect attention from his enormous accomplishments. Robert McNamara called him "a giant—absolutely unique," and David Rockefeller assessed him as "the most creative financial genius of our time in the investment banking field."

From the first chapter, we are left in no doubt of Reich's assessment of the man. This does not read like the glowing obituary published in *The New York Times*. Reich starts his biography with the release from prison in May 1969 of Meyer's former associate Eddie Gilbert, after a two-year sentence for embezzlement. Gilbert had but one thought in his mind, that of getting even. He felt Meyer shared responsibility for the stock manipulation in the proposed merger of the building materials firm Celotex and the hardwood flooring company E. L. Bruce. It is only much later in the book that Reich again returns to this story.

It is doubtful that anyone could take great exception to Reich's portrayal of André Meyer did the book not cast shadows on his integrity and use of power. For his basic account of the man and his times is well paced and well supported by quotations from Meyer's friends and acquaintances, whose recollections are almost unbelievably detailed. From Meyer's modest beginnings in France in September 1898, Reich traces the development of his career, first in Paris, where ultimately he joined the investment banking firm of Lazard Freres. In a brilliant deal for Citroën, he created the first automobile credit finance company. Just ahead of the Nazis, he moved to New York in 1942 with his wife Bella and his children and joined Lazard there. Originally welcomed and aided by Lazard's leader, Frank Altschul, Meyer deposed Altschul three years later.

Meyer was very ambitious for the firm. "He wanted to make this the leading firm in the business, not in terms of size, but in terms of excellence," Reich reports and ably depicts the development of the great firm of Lazard from its origins in New Orleans in 1848 through its establishment in Paris and its subsequent development in the United States. There are portraits of Meyer's partners, or "clerks" as he sometimes called them, and their achievements. More important, Reich describes Meyer's special relationship with Pierre and Michel David-Weill, his true partners, and his special devotion to his innovative and highly respected colleague, Felix Rohatyn, whose career he launched.

The individual business achievements, which Reich explains with admirable clarity, not only disclose the creative might of Meyer but highlight the key moments in postwar United States investment banking history. Reich guides us through the negotiations in the 1950s that created the chemical company Warner-Lambert. He provides an account of Meyer's work with Kemmons Wilson of Holiday Inns, and tells

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of how he backed Ford dealer Warren Avis in creating his rent-a-car giant. In both these latter transactions Meyer not only linked up investors but, in the manner of true European merchant banking, invested himself. While some thought he sold his interests too early, he nevertheless made substantial profits on them and other investment banking activities, and used them as a base on which to build his ultimate substantial fortune. In the 1950s Meyer also developed new forms of financing, making—and losing—fortunes in real estate. And he helped perfect the art of the merger, paving the way for the growth of I.T.T.

What is interesting is that this internationally renowned banker should have focused so sharply on transactions within the United States. For the postwar period saw major developments in the internationalization of markets and the emergence of Euromarkets, yet neither Meyer nor Lazard took a leadership role. Dominance of the Euromarkets was left to Siegmund Warburg and other European bankers, as well as a few New York firms. One wonders why Meyer, who had such a natural advantage in this area, did not play a leading role as a creative force. Reich might well have given more attention to the point and to the relation between the Lazard firms in London and Paris.

Drawing from painstaking research, including 147 interviews with family, friends, and business associates, of whom 115 are identified, Reich paints a picture of a man of intellect and cunning, of extraordinary self-discipline, who nonetheless was insecure in the extreme, brutal to his subordinates, and careless of the feelings of all but those in positions of power and influence. One associate described him as greedy, vindictive, domineering, and often quite sadistic. Even his very considerable charitable donations to hospitals, academic institutions, and museums are faulted for being part of his effort to build influence and reputation. But there was another side to his character which Reich underplays. To the powerful and influential, to a series of women who needed advice and help, he was a thoughtful and supportive friend, and they responded to him with devotion and awe.

It is the final section, a re-examination of the Gilbert affair and a detailed account of the I.T.T.-Hartford Insurance transaction, that poses the key and unhappy question of the integrity of the man. The Gilbert case against Meyer and Lazard was dismissed three times, and the ten-year investigation of the I.T.T.-Hartford matter by the Securities and Exchange Commission ended without prosecution. But the shadows are cast, and the rebuttal is not given. For those who have admired Meyer, these doubts cast by Reich will be regretted; it has been asserted that his relations with Gilbert were not as close as the book indicates. Some will say that it is not possible to apply standards of today to events of yesterday. Yet Meyer's own values were absolute and rigid, and, as the book points out, the challenge to his integrity exacted a heavy toll on a proud and powerful man.

Reich gives us a lucid and well-researched account of the life of a great banker. The breadth and diversity of Meyer's achievements, the subsequent record of his firm, and the performance of his successors, will be the true testament to the man who dominated the financial markets in the United States for a quarter of a century.

JAMES D. WOLFENSOHN

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TRB, *from page 6*

ideologues like George Gilder to the N.A.A.C.P.

A second, more recent, theory has to do with technology. Expanding high-tech industries like computers, it's said, create jobs for top-salary professionals and for unskilled laborers working at the minimum wage. They do not replace the middle-class blue-collar jobs that are disappearing in heavy manufacturing industries like automobiles and steel.

A third theory, still controversial, and having more to do with the expanding top than the expanding bottom, concerns growing job opportunities for women. Most women work because they have to, of course, and wives' incomes make family income distribution more equal, not less. That's because women's incomes tend to be bunched together near the bottom of the scale, and because traditionally, the higher the husband's income, the less likely the wife was to work. But this is changing.

Women still make only 62 percent of what men do, but (according to Robert Pear in *The New York Times*) for people under 24 the figure is 82 percent and for lawyers of all ages it is 75 percent. Since high-paying professions like law and medicine only opened wide to women fairly recently, these women professionals are still near the beginnings of their careers and that gap is bound to close. What's more, according to recent Census data, women with husbands earning more than $25,000 a year are now actually a bit *more* likely to work than married women in general (59 percent versus 56 percent). Only 5 percent of working women with $25,000-plus husbands make more than $25,000 themselves, but this is double the figure for women as a whole, and bound to grow.

The women who are becoming lawyers and doctors and business executives aren't, by and large, marrying men who are secretaries and homemakers. They are marrying other high-income professionals, thus creating what a recent article about a new glossy magazine selling for $4.50 a copy summarized as "affluent, two-income couples of the baby-boom generation." Of course women lawyers are just as deserving of their place atop the income scale as men lawyers. Exactly how deserving that is, is a tougher question.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Overestimates and Underestimates

Big Bend, Texas

DO NOT OVERESTIMATE the influence of the editors of THE NEW REPUBLIC; at least do not overestimate the influence of my colleague, Michael Kinsley, unless you want to overestimate his capacity to influence in ways that he doesn't want to. In our issue of December 12, Kinsley wrote what was for him glowing praise: ". . . The legend of Ted Koppel keeps growing, but many people are past thinking about the issues of the day by 11:30 P.M., when he usually performs. We demand more Koppel, and earlier Koppel." Now Roone Arledge, who runs news at ABC, isn't about to take advice from anyone, least of all from someone at TNR. He probably thinks, moreover, that with his anointing of Peter Jennings as the evening news anchorman, what with Jennings's ever so debonair London manners, ABC has satisfied every possible claim serious people might make on its news programming. In any case, no sooner did Kinsley state his plea—really the plea of everybody who hopes for complex and uncompromising TV news—than Arledge struck, and struck cruelly. Neither earlier Koppel nor more Koppel, but less Koppel, down from the one-hour daily "Nightline" to thirty minutes. Excellence be damned. The next time Kinsley has a good idea, he should shut up and keep it to himself.

A FRIEND OF MINE returned recently from Moscow, and, like everyone who returns from Moscow, brought back an illuminating grievance. His was the paucity of reliable news sources, a result of the systematic interdict on foreign language papers and magazines from the free world. There is an exemption from this ban for Communist publications, so this traveler who craved *Le Monde* had to make do with *L'Humanité*, eager for *Corriere della Sera* consoled himself with *L'Unita*, who was anxious for the *Guardian* contented himself with the *Morning Star*, and suffering withdrawal symptoms for *The New York Times* read about home in the *Daily World*. My friend, an eminent Arabist, quite naturally had a yen for reading the Arab press. But there was none to be had on Moscow newsstands, since there isn't a Communist press in Arab lands, not even in those countries—Syria, Libya, South Yemen, Iraq—that are allied with the Soviet Union. But he did find one paper in Arabic: *Al Ittayid*, published by the Communist Party of Israel.

"WE'RE UNDERESTIMATING the Arabs Once Again," cried a huge headline on the front page of *The Washington Post*'s Sunday "Outlook" section of December 11. Certainly the *Post* couldn't have been referring to itself: underestimating the Arabs and the justice of their cause is something the *Post* hasn't done in years. Underneath the headline were two articles, one by Jim Hoagland, the other by Milton Viorst. Since Hoagland took over the foreign desk, the paper has been the single least reliable major source for news of the Middle East. One rather hard-line Arab I know calls it "our paper." It is untrusted even by those who share Hoagland's anti-Israel biases, which are evident both in his own writings and in the paper's other pages. "Book World" that day carried a piece by Thomas W. Lippman, an old-fashioned *Arabisant* apologist who is now employed as deputy editor of the *Post*'s new national weekly. He ends his article by calling V.S. Naipaul's book on Asian Moslems, *Among the Believers*, "a nasty putdown," as if that settles the matter of its truthfulness. Alas, many truths are nasty, despite efforts by people like Lippman to sugarcoat them. Of J. B. Kelly, author of *Arabia, the Gulf and the West*, who has probably forgotten more about the Saudis than most experts ever knew, he says dismissively that he is an "unreconstructed colonialist." But even if that were so, which it isn't, would it permit us to disdain his learning? It wouldn't, but disdaining the knowledge of history is how Hoagland and company do things. Milton Viorst's article on Syria, bearing a Damascus dateline, asserts that Arafat had "launched one peace offensive after another toward Israel." This is especially inventive history. And then there is the history that omits. In characterizing the government of Hafez Assad as "tight-lipped and suspicious" (his harshest judgment), Viorst ignores the Amnesty International report issued only days before which details the endemic cruelty of the regime—its habitual use of torture, "disappearances," and extrajudicial executions—to say nothing of its mass murder of civilians by more conventional military means, also played down by the *Post*. But then in some circles it doesn't take much more than being responsible for the killing of some American soldiers for a bloody tyrant to be called a "tough and wily chief of state." (Messrs. Viorst and Hoagland, please note: a particularly corrosive article by Amir Helmy Ibrahim on the role played by Syria in Lebanon since 1976, a subject again almost wholly ignored by the American media, appears in the May-June 1983 issue of the French semi-monthly *Esprit*.)

BUT THE really comprehensive reconstruction of recent history is left to Hoagland who, having orchestrated what must by now be seen as the official *Post* line, has the biggest stake in covering up the bankruptcy of the pro-Arab strategy which the paper's news pages had for some months shared with the Administration. Hoagland can no longer promise that the "moderate" Arabs will be effectively moderating, though he reverts to the refrain that the new modes of U.S.-Israeli cooperation have reduced the "leverage" of these moderates in Damascus. Where, then, was their much-touted leverage when the United States and Israel were much at odds in Lebanon? Hoagland's main charge against our present strategy is that it will "complicate the effort to get the Marines out with honor." If we did not send our Marines to Lebanon to get them killed, however, we also did not send them there simply to bring them back. What Hoagland actually disapproves of is our effort to diminish the sway of the Soviet-Syrian sodality in the region. He disguises his opposition to this purpose by suggesting that our alliance with Israel makes it moot. What he won't contemplate is that we may have brought the full fury of Shiite Islam on ourselves, in Lebanon and Kuwait and doubtless soon elsewhere, not by our tilting toward Israel, but by our tilting—and the tilting of France—toward Iraq in its war with Iran. This is the war that matters most to those who rule in both Damascus and Tehran; but because it is a sectarian war among Moslems, and would thus shift the focus from the Israelis, it's hardly mentioned in the *Post*, let alone understood.

M.P.

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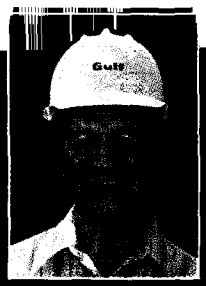

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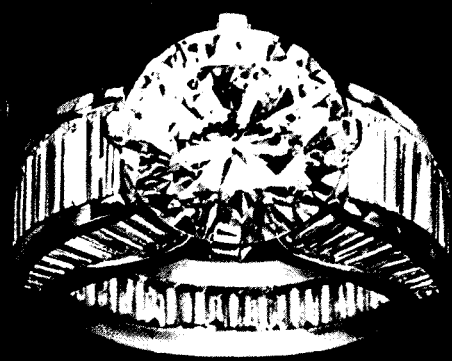

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